

Owing to Death of Senator Gorman this Morning Nothing Transpired in the Way of Statehood

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow: Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 74 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1906

NUMBER 63

HOT WEATHER REQUISITES

Two Piece Suits

HAWES
SAILORS

GENUINE
PANAMAS



\$2.00
2.50
3.00

\$5.00
6.50
7.50

Edwin Clapp Low Cuts, \$5.00 and \$5.50

"Our Own Make" Low Cuts, \$3.50 and \$4.00

And Other Styles Down to \$1.50

We Would Like to Show You

Scott-Hoard Co

NEGRO CRIMINALS ARE BECOMING A TERROR

There is danger of the morals of the Chickasaw negroes being ruined by the importation of so many foreign Afro-Americans—as Booker Washington would style them—into the country.

Saturday night the crap game at Stebben's camp, south of town, continued on into the Sunday morning, when Chas. Butler entered the game. Jim Moore, the stable boss, gave notice that there had to be a square deal and that no bad money went. Soon after the Butler nigger pulled a big gun and twice shot the stable boss. One shot penetrated the breast at the left nipple, ranged downward and passed through the body. The second shot went through the abdomen and out the back. Moore will likely die. The negro Butler succeeded in reaching Madill on the morning Frisco where, on account of the activity of the Ada marshals he was caught and returned to Ada. Henry Sells, colored, was land

ed in jail Saturday charged with the stabbing of Daniel Blue in side with knife. The crime occurred near Conway. Sell's preliminary trial is held up pending victim's expected death.

Pomp Blue was arrested and jailed Saturday on bench warrant.

There are seven prisoners in jail at present.

Frightful Street Car Wreck.

Providence, R. I., June 4.—Eleven persons are dead, a score seriously and many others slightly injured as the result of the overturning of a crowded electric car at Moore's Corner, in East Providence, early Sunday morning. More than a hundred young men and women who had spent the evening at Crescent Park, six miles below the city, were on a chartered car returning to this city and Thornton.

Dr. Bisant, dentist, over Ada National Bank.

JUDGE FURMAN EDIFIES MUSKOGEE DEMOCRACY

Our distinguished fellow townsman, Judge Henry M. Furman, addressed the Muskogee Democratic club last Friday night. The Times Democrat contained the following resume of the speech:

"Mr. Furman held the strict attention of his audience for an hour and a half with an able discussion of public questions and an earnest appeal for thorough and practical organizations of the Democratic party."

"He answered the braggadocio of the Republican party that 'We are the God and Morality Party, the Party of Prosperity,' in such a fine flow of humorous and withering sarcasm as would meet the approval of the severest critic of the administration and brought out a fine comparison of what bureaucracy and Joe Cannonism had brought to Indian Territory in the way of prosperity. He paid a glowing tribute to the power of the press and drew some strong comparisons between the men who pay their 'compliments' to the loyal party press and those who pay for it in

cash, sustain it and stand for it and by it at all times."

"The speaker dwelt at length on the needs and advantages of a system of primary nominations as against the conventions and star chamber nominations. He handled the party bosses without gloves and took a vigorous stand against the 'valler dog, brass collar' type of Democracy. In short, his plea to keep the party nomination and the party organization close to the people was both eloquent and vigorous, taking the position that if this was done the Democracy of the new state will be invincible, otherwise defeat and disaster are inevitable."

"The Democratic leaders and workers of Muskogee were there in full force, listened attentively and applauded vigorously, demonstrating that they are in sympathy with him on these questions that vitally point the way to party success or party failure in the state that is soon to be."

"The meeting was undoubtedly of mutual good to the club and the distinguished speaker alike and he will find further welcome in our city in the future."

SUNDAY BALL PLAYING AGITATES PUBLIC MIND

The question of morals and of law in the city of Ada as regards Sunday baseball playing, and how nearly the law under the ordinances under enforcement meets the requirement of correct morals and just where the line of demarcation is as between right conduct and Sunday baseball playing, and whether the present Sunday baseball ordinance is valid, and so forth, are the questions of considerable agitation. Between Christian and sinner, good citizen and good citizen, priest and preacher, the discussion has waxed warm and furious.

The law will be tested Friday, if valid, it is a dead cinch strict enforcement will result. Here is the ordinance passed under the Parson Drury and Sherwood Hill administration:

ORDINANCE NO. 42.

An ordinance to prevent the playing of baseball, football or any similar out door amusement within the incorporated limits of Ada on the Sabbath day.

Be it ordained by the Town of Ada:

Section 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to play any game of base ball,

foot ball or any similar outdoor game within the incorporated limits of the town of Ada on the Sabbath day, either for money or amusement.

Sec. 2. That any person or persons guilty of violating this ordinance shall be fined in any sum not exceeding \$25.

Sec. 3. That this ordinance shall be in force and effect from and after its passage and publication.

Passed this 3d day of June, 1902.

H. T. Drury, Mayor.
S. W. Hill, Recorder.

Morrison's Funeral.

Special to the Evening News

Konawa, I. T., June 4.—The funeral of A. J. Morrison, who was assassinated Friday night, occurred at Alliance cemetery Sunday afternoon. The procession was the largest ever seen in this section, being about three-quarters of a mile in length. Many relatives and friends from Lexington and the Chickasaw nation were present. The ceremonies were conducted under the auspices of the Woodmen.

The deceased carried \$5,000 insurance. Mrs. Morrison has offered \$500 reward for identity of assassin.

NEXT STATEHOOD MOVE WILL BE THE SENATE'S

Washington, June 4.—The conference report on the statehood bill, which was brought into the House and Senate Saturday afternoon, now makes the issue dependent on the result of the contest in the Senate. The contest is to be today, for Mr. Foraker will move that the report be rejected and a new conference committee be appointed. Mr. Beveridge has expressed himself as confident that the report will

be accepted; Mr. Foraker says he is certain it will be rejected.

Undoubtedly there are several senators who voted with Mr. Foraker when the bill was under consideration before who are now disposed to accept the compromise. At least three of this kind have announced their purpose to accept the compromise, but Mr. Foraker, excluding these, asserts there will be forty-nine votes in favor of the motion to reject the report.

OUR JUNE SALE

25 Per Cent Discount

Sale On Clothing

COMMENCES

Saturday, June 2

I. HARRIS.

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave.,

Phone 64.



INVITE A GIRL

to have a glass of soda and see what she says. If it's a hot day and she says "no" we miss our guess.

ALL GIRLS LOVE SODA.

and it's the business of young gallants to see that they have it. Our soda beats them all. It's delicious, cool, and only 5c. Try it. We also sell Eureka Springs Mineral Water.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some rare bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building, :: 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249.

Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500.

Ada, Ind. Ter

BOMB THROWER KILLS GUARD THEN SUICIDES

Madrid, June 4.—The capture and suicide Saturday night at Torrejon de Ardos of Manuel Morales, the chief suspect in the bomb outrage against King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, adds another dramatic chapter to the incidents surrounding the royal wedding.

Morales was recognized in the little town of Torrejon de Ardos, midway between Madrid and Alcala. A guard sought to de-

tain him, but Morales, drawing a revolver, shot the guard dead. Then he turned to flee, but a number of inhabitants of the town were upon him and turning the revolver upon himself he sent a shot in the region of his heart, expiring a few minutes later. Senor Cuesca, proprietor of the hotel from the balcony of which Morales threw the bomb, viewed the body and completely identified it as that of his recent guest.

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ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second Class Matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1869.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

INTENSIVE FARMING.

Under the above caption the Oklahoma City Oklahoman takes as an editorial text the remarkable strawberry yield described recently in the News and proceeds to generalize as follows:

"Instances of the wonderful productivity of Greater Oklahoma soil and the profitability of intensive farming are continually coming to light.

"The Ada Daily News tells of a farmer of that vicinity who, in March a year ago, paid \$25 for 6,000 strawberry plants and planted them on an acre of land, and who has already picked and marketed 3,840 quarts which have netted him \$420.

It is likely that thousands of such instances could be recited in any single season, showing the splendid results from intensive farming in this new country were knowledge of all at hand. At any rate, it is well known that every successful farmer who tries his hand at truck growing in either Territory, or engages in what might be called intensive use of the soil, has reaped enormous profits.

"No country on earth is better adapted to this kind of farming than Greater Oklahoma. Both the soil and climate combine, to approach as near ideal conditions as can be found in any other region.

"The advantages of this kind of farming over the old system is that markets are generally better and the harvest more certain. The years are exceptions rather than the rule when there are not big profits found in it.

"Where land is so cheap and plentiful the old system is followed almost exclusively because it involves less work and generally yields satisfactory returns. But the day is rapidly approaching when the rich valleys of this new region are going to be devoted largely to truck growing. There is more money in it than in the production of wheat, corn or cotton upon the same and an absence of uncertainty in yield which will be better appreciated as the years roll by.

A CITIZEN TO BE PROUD OF.

The city of Ada should be, and is, proud of her Furman. He is widely recognized as one of the foremost statesmen of the two territories. Universally known as a leading exponent of just, righteous government, naturally he is in great demand as an expounder of genuine democracy. In the organization of the new State his services will be needed; the people will want him and undoubtedly will be glad to confer upon him any political honors within their gift.

STRANGE SAVAGE CUSTOM

Weird Tribal Ceremony of the Natives of the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary.

Some remarkable tribal customs are reported by an expedition sent into the comparatively unknown countries between the Abyssinian capital and the northwest of Lake Rudolf, in the neighborhood of the Anglo-Abyssinian boundary.

While the expedition was fitting out at Maji, the Abyssinian post in the southwest, the local Shankalla king died. He was sewn up in a fresh hide bag in a sitting position and placed on the floor of his hut, which stood in a clearing in the forest, and from miles around his subjects came to the lying in state.

The ground of the clearing was of hard beaten clay. All round were thick rows of huge "gogo" palms, and on one side four spacious, well thatched huts and a curious mound, probably sacrificial. By the side of the huts thousands of cow bells, sweet in tone as those in a Swiss upland valley, were hung on rude trestles and swung backwards and forwards by bands of women under the direction of an old witch.

The hard, level flooring of the clearing shook under the feet of hundreds of naked warriors, chanting a wild song of death, now advancing in a rhythmic rush, now retreating and leaving two of their number in the open, who, with their 12-foot spears held horizontally just over their shoulders, the shafts quivering like a snake before it strikes, danced a wild war dance, keeping time to the chant of the chorus.

When the din grew louder the crowd surged round the dead king's hut, suddenly parted, and through the lane thus formed dashed a gleaming figure, adorned with a leopard skin, orange colored ostrich feathers, beads, and bands of copper and brass and ivory round his neck and arms.

Three times he rushed round the clearing, followed by the shouting, singing warriors, and then disappeared as quickly as he had come. The new king had been chosen.

Watch Speaks Time.

A Swiss watchmaker has invented a watch which speaks the time from a tiny phonograph. A very small hard rubber plate has the vibrations of the human voice imprinted on it, and is actuated by clockwork, so that at a given time the articulation is made indicating the hour. The utterance is sufficiently strong to be heard 20 feet away. It is possible by means of a device of this kind to combine sentiment with utility, as the vibrations can be made by any clear voice, and a man's watch may tell him the time in the tones of wife or children.

AMERICAN ARTISTS ABROAD

Their Merit Recognized and Rewarded Earlier Than It Is at Home.

Once more an American artist's picture holds the place of honor at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. Sargent had attained that honor; now it is Abbey's turn, with a picture distinctly American in subject, representing Columbus landing in the new world. Several other well-known American artists figure among the notable exhibitors. In the two annual picture shows now open in Paris, the same fact is true, reports the New York World.

American artists frequently complain, as do singers and musicians, that the surest way to distinction at home is recognition abroad. The protest implies that merit is not so readily accepted here as merit is in France and England.

The distinction attained by Sargent in London has done more than all his early successors in this country to assure his preeminence. The same may be said to be true of Abbey, although fame came to him easy as an illustrator. Something may be due to the circumstance that for years both have done most of their work abroad. Beyond a doubt, however, art is viewed far more hospitably in Paris and London than in New York. We have yet no art exhibitions that occupy so large a place in popular life as the regular shows of the two foreign capitals.

It is noteworthy also that more contemporary American artists have room in the Luxembourg museum, where living painters must await admission to the Louvre, than in our own Metropolitan. The Paris list counts about 25, among them Whistler, Sargent, Winslow Homer, La Farge, Alexander Harrison, Henry Mosler, Walter MacEwen, Carl Melchers, Miss Cassatt, Edwin L. Weeks and H. O. Tanner.

Under the old management American artists were treated with suspicion at the Metropolitan. It was sometimes difficult to get their works through the museum's doors even as gifts.

Fortunate, all that is being rapidly changed. Sir Purdon Clarke advocates the necessity of building up a representative American collection. Mr. George A. Hearn has donated a large fund, of which the income is reserved for the purchase of American works. It is a curious commentary on American taste that it was not until a foreign director was put in charge of the Metropolitan that American artists were promised something of the same public recognition they receive from the French government.

TURKEY WITH WOODEN LEG

Tale of a Gobbler That Smacks Something of the Munchausen Flavor.

In most communities there are certain persons who possess peculiar characteristics, habits and beliefs, and this is true of the 'long shore sportsman of the old Mother State as of persons dwelling elsewhere, says Forest and Stream.

Many of the old time sportsmen still carry and use their muzzle loading guns, which cannot be displaced by more modern arms. They usually manage to bag a good many birds and other game, and this is chiefly due, it is believed, to their knowledge of the habits of the game. They seldom go out without finding something.

A story is told of one gunner who if any of the shot should fall from his hands while loading his gun will at once return home and make no further effort to hunt that day, believing as he says, that those lost were his luck shot, and it would be useless for him to continue the hunt.

Another, whom I will call here Capt. Pete, is a sailor and all round sportsman. He loves to tell of his adventures with his dogs and gun, and is seldom seen without them. He tells many stories about the accuracy of Sweet Lips, his gun, and declares he can beat any man "a-shootin' for a turkey in the United States of Virginia."

On the occasion of a turkey hunt near the Rappahannock river Capt. Pete claims to have shot a 40-pound wild turkey, for which he was offered \$4 cash. The gray whiskers on the turkey's breast were 18 inches long, and he had one wooden leg. Here Capt. Pete gives a laugh that could be heard a half mile away. "Sar, he was the biggest turkey I ever saw. There were 18 fellows in the bunch of us, and four others besides, and all ate a sumptuous meal from one-half of his breast."

Uncle Pete says he cannot account for that one wooden leg unless that turkey had been previously owned by some one as a pet wild turkey.

Natural Arm Chair.

A gardener in Korea has formed a natural arm-chair by twisting a growing vine to the required shape. It is also studded with seeds of the ginkgo tree, which have grown into the fiber of the vine. After the chair was fashioned in this way it was cut from the ground, dried and polished until it resembled mahogany. It is 3 feet 4 inches high, 25 inches wide and weighs over 100 pounds.

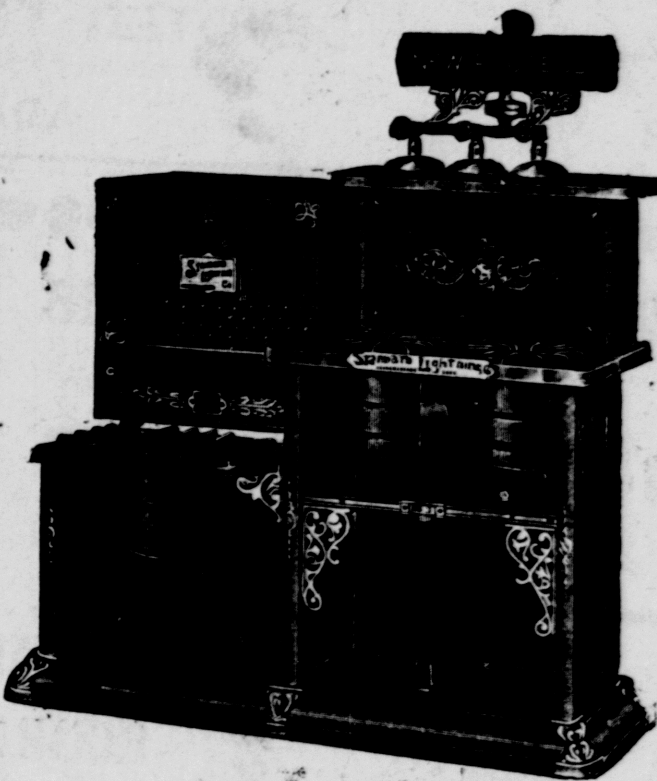
Banquet in a Coal Mine.

Lord Northcote, governor general of Australia, was entertained to a banquet in a coal mine at Newcastle, New South Wales. The banquet hall was 300 feet below the surface.

No Student of Shakespeare.

"What is your favorite play?" asked the girl who quoted Shakespeare. "Well," answered the youth with long hair, "I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything."—Washington Star.

A Fine Assortment



Of Refrigerators, the best made, ice cream freezers, the very best, fruit jars, all sizes, wire screen doors, wire screen cloth,

The New Process Gasoline Stoves and Ranges.

The Best of All.

For Sale by R. E. HAYNES The Hardware Merchant

Opposite Citizens National Bank.

Prices Are Right.

ADA, I. T.

THE SUNSET ROUTE

OCEAN to OCEAN

Offers the Best

Fast Trains, Latest Dining, Sleeping and Observation Cars Between

New Orleans and California, Daily

Through Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and will carry you over the

Road of a Thousand Wonders

that you read so much and hear so much about from the press and the people. Oil burning loco motives all the way; no smoke, no cinders. For beautiful illustrated literature and other information, see nearest Sunset Ticket Agent

If You Were

"BRED IN OLD KENTUCKY"

You should take advantage of the

Extremely Low Rates

TO

Louisville, Ky.

For the Occasion of the

Home Coming of Kentuckians, June 13th to 17th

THE



Will operate Through Cars from many points.

Rate, one fare plus \$2.00. Tickets sold June 11-12 13, from all stations. Open to Everybody.

For rates, routes, maps and other information apply to your nearest Frisco Agent or

D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.

F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

FRISCO SYSTEM TIME CARD. Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 3:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 509 Meteor, 8:58 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 7:15 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.

Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.

I. McNair, Agent.



Travel Right

When you have occasion to travel, use the same discrimination in buying a ticket that you would in buying anything else. Assure yourself in advance of what you may expect in the way of comfort and convenience en route.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad

with through trains (over its own rails) from St. Louis and Kansas City in the north, to San Antonio and Galveston in the south, offers a ready solution to the vexed question—"How to go?"

If there is any information you would like about a prospective trip, write me. I'll gladly give you the information and if possible have my representative call on you and personally assist you in every way. Think of my offer when you next have occasion to travel. Address.

W. S. ST. GEORGE, General Passenger & Ticket Agt. Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

Tickets are on sale everywhere, via Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway



TIME OF TRAINS ADA, I. T.

THE RIGHT TRAINS BETWEEN

St. Louis Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Galveston, in Texas, and all points beyond.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 112 Express, daily, 3:55 p. m.
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 12:15 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 111 Express, daily, 11:10 a. m.
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 1:55 p. m.

THE NEWS' SOUVENIR ALBUM

Will Portray Ada and Ada Country in Beautiful Half Tone Pictures Made From

Actual Photographs

There will be Nearly 150 Views and no Expense is being spared in Compiling the Work

See Us About It

LOCAL NEWS

Subscribe for the News.

Try the News for job work.

Mrs. W. P. Doss is visiting relatives in Ardmore.

J. C. Sparger returned from a trip to Bonham.

Sam Torbett left for St. Louis this afternoon.

Dr. B. H. Erb, dentist, Henley & Biles building. Phone No. 1. 233 tf

Miss Sam Carter returned today to Leonard, Texas, after a visit with relatives in the city.

Wedding invitations—late styles—turned out at the News office.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Van Horn left Sunday for Denison where they will make their future home.

J. E. Coulson, the busy merchant of Francis, was in Ada between trains Monday morning.

W. H. Heck, good citizen, formerly of Ada will return to Vinita this evening after a two days visit with friends.

G. L. Carroll returned to Ardmore today after a short visit with his daughters, Mrs. Richard Simpson and Miss Annie Carroll.

To those who have had a photo made of their home for News' Souvenir Album, may obtain some of the photos at a great reduced price of the Peerless Portrait Co.

In Mayor's Court.

The city court was engaged Monday afternoon in the trial of Nightwatchman Will Bailey for fighting Lee Gaar. The case was not completed as we go to press.

A Sunday Marriage.

Mr. Charlie Russell and Miss Ora Lucile Crow, popular young people living about two miles south of town, were married Sunday afternoon in North Ada, the Rev. Y. Coleman officiating. Mr. Russell is a progressive, thrifty young farmer; the bride a most estimable young woman. The News extends its felicitations.

Stone Shot McLaughlin.

Sunday morning between Center and Midland at a railroad camp a man by the name of Stone shot another railroad man by the name of McLaughlin. The calibre of the gun was a 38 Colt's Automatic. A slight flesh wound resulted. The man's life was saved on account of the bullet striking his watch. The trouble occurred over a dispute concerning time.

Konawa Editor.

W. H. Hoffman, the genial editor of the Chief-Leader of Konawa, was in Ada Monday to meet his sister who will arrive from Texas this evening. Editor Hoffman says Konawa is outstripping Ada in present building. The Konawa National Bank has let a contract for a \$10,000 bank building. There will begin the erection soon of several additional stone and brick buildings. Tony Keller will erect a \$3,000 dwelling house.

Marriage Licenses.

Saturday afternoon licence to marry was issued to W. B. Walker, aged 32, and Mrs. Annie McFee, age, 19. Deputy Clerk Constant, in his usual polished and acceptable manner, performed the ceremony. Monday morning T. M. Bradley, son of Dr. P. C. Bradley of Stonewall, accompanied by the News' friend, Buck Marshall, secured license to marry Miss Kate Fullerton, the daughter of the well known citizen of Ada, Tom Fullerton. They will be married Wednesday.

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man.

Night Watchman Fights.

Saturday night Nightwatchmen Culver and Bailey arrested J. L. Keys, alleged to have committed a nasty little crime at one of the depots. When they were nearing the calaboose Lee Gaar advanced and is said to have offered to make bond for the prisoner. They returned to Nolen's drug store where Keys was left in charge of Watchman Bailey while Culver went after blank bond. During the wait it is said Gaar and Keys, unsuspected by Bailey as to intent, went to the rear of the store and Keys pulled his freight. Gaar returned to the store presently and when Culver returned with the blank bond Gaar refused to execute it. During an argument concerning his agreement to sign it the lie was passed and a fight ensued. The reporter did not ascertain who got the best of it. It is said that although Watchman Bailey is a little thin he put up a heavyweight scrap. After the first round Gaar landed on Bailey when he was arrested by Culver. Bonds were made.

M. K. T. Special

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 11th 12th and 13th, \$20.55.

Mexico City, Mex., Aug. 15th to Sept. 1st, \$38.00.

Galveston, Tex., June 1st to Sept. 30th, \$18.90.

Round trip rates From Ada I. T.:

St. Paul, Minn., May 28 to 31, \$26.85.

San Francisco, Cal., June 25 to July 7, \$52.

Mexico City, Mexico, June 25 to July 7, \$40.

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 10 to 15, \$24.85.

Portland, Ore., June 18 to 22, \$47.55.

Springfield, Ill., May 31 to June 1 and 2, \$21.00.

Omaha, Neb., July 10 to 13, \$17.10.

Denver, Col., July 10 to 15, \$23.70.



C. F. Orchard,
Agent.

Tornado at Mounds

Mounds, I. T., June 4.—A small tornado struck half a mile south of town, 150 yards wide and two miles long. Its course was northeast. The residence of a farmer, W. S. Moorman, was demolished. Moorman and his wife were away visiting. A hired man, Jim Goldspin, was dangerously injured. Trees were uprooted and outbuildings of other farmers torn to pieces.

Excavating Ancient Theater.

Verona, in Italy, is now completing the excavation of its Roman theater, a work which was begun in 1834. It is built in a semicircle. It dates from the time of Augustus Caesar and was lavishly decorated with marbles from Greece, Africa and Asia. The theater was formed of huge steps of granite above which were rows of private boxes, one of which stands in its original position, in excellent preservation, and with the name of the owner carved on it. Above the tiers of private boxes rose the places where the plebeians were seated and from where they looked down on to the stage or away to the water fountains on the river.

Physiological Facts.

A person's eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest vibration of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right.

City-Bred Children.

A London scientist says that life in a metropolis makes young children sharp but not clever; that it often destroys their chance of ever being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally; it makes them superficial, alert, but not observant; excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm; they are apt to grow blasé, fickle, discontented; they see more things than the country-bred child, but not such interesting things; and they do not properly see anything, for they have neither the time nor capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives.

His Defense.

"You are charged with beating your wife while drunk. What have you to say?"
"Your honor, had I been sober my wife would have beaten me."—N. Y. Press.

Souvenir Views.

Below we give a partial list of half-tone views which will be found in our handsome Souvenir Album. The cuts are made from actual photographs, printed in Sepia ink on fine calendared paper. This work of art will show Ada and Ada country to the world as she has never been shown before. If your residence, office or business does not show in this list see us at once, before it is too late:

Two interiors Harris hotel.
Several fine street scenes.
Parnell's 30-acre orchard.
Presbyterian church.
Baptist church.
New Methodist church.
Christian church.
Cumberland Pres. church.
North side school building.
South side school building.
Wilson lumber yard.
Ada fire department.
First National bank building.
Ada Citizens " "
Kyle's busses and barn.
Ada ice plant.
Sledge & Tolbert lumber yard.
Carney's livery barn.
Branding stock cattle.
Picking cotton.
Wheat threshing.
Chopping cotton.
Three views of cotton oil mill.
Three views of light plant.
Strawberries, 5 1/2 inches in cir.
Sociosis club.
XXth Century club
Ada flouring mill.
P C swine, F Haddleston
Berkshire swine, C W Floyd
P C swine, Daniel Hayes
Duncan block
United States officials at Ada
Int. Haynes' h'dw're store.
" Crawford & Bolen office.
" Surprise store.
" Ramsey's drug store.
" Cox Greer dry goods store.
" Mason drug store.
" Powers' hardware store.
" Browall & Faust's office.
" Dr. Martin's office.
" Ada Fur & Coffer Co. store
" Webb & Ennis' law office.
" Duke Stone's law office.
" Crowder's barber shop.
" Epperson & Dean's office.
" L C Andrews' law office
" Duncan's furniture store
Residence of S M Torbett
" J B Tolbert
" H M Furman
" A M Croxton
" John Beard
" E W Hardin
" Dr Martin
" Dr McMillan
" A H Constant
" J F M Harris
" U G Winn
" R W Simpson
" Dr Hodges
" B A Mason
" Dr Brents
" Jno L Barringer
" Dr Nolen
" Dr Shands
" Frank Jones
" Dr Browall
" Tom Hope
" C M Chauncey
" M B Donaghey
" W C Graves
" T J Little
" Frank Jackson
" L T Walters
" J H Dorland
" C W Floyd
" R W Allen
" J T Bowers
" W G Broadfoot
" W W Sledge
" L C Andrews
" J L Miles

Celebrate Tenth Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Alexander, with the assistance of a number of invited guests, celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary Saturday evening.

The house and porches were brilliantly lighted and the guests enjoyed an evening they will not soon forget. Games of caricature were indulged in and much merriment resulted.

At 10:30 the Rev. Rippey announced that the bonds of wedlock would again be tied and after reading the scriptural marriage ceremony and a fervent prayer was said, the company was served with a delicious luncheon.

Many handsome and useful presents of tin and graniteware were received and after an inspection of these the guests departed wishing Mr. and Mrs. Alexander many returns of the tenth anniversary.

Frisco.

Summer tourist rates to points in the Southwest. Rate, one and one-fifth fare for round trip. Tickets on sale June 1st to September 30th. Final limit October 31st, 1906. This rate applies to many points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. Call and get particulars.

I. McNair, Agent,
Ada, I. T.

DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D. D.S.

Manager,

DOSS & GRANGER

Pioneer

Dental

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OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
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FOR RENT:—Two nice front office rooms in Little building. Apply to T. J. Little. 6t 63

NOTICE:—Those for whom I pasture livestock in field east of Katy railroad are notified that I will not pay pound fees after stock is delivered home each evening. I solicit your patronage.

FOR SALE:—Two cars of one and two year old mules, gentle, good colors, out of good mares. Will make 15 to 16 hand mules when grown. 57-20t 10w-7

J. H. Roper,
Itasca, Hill County, Texas.

FOR SALE OR RENT:—Nice six room residence, Daggs Addition. tf 56 U. G. Winn.

Snappy Ball Games.

In the base ball tilts Saturday and Sunday between the Sacred Heart and Ada teams each scored a victory. In the first game Ada won by a score of 5 to 3. But the tables turned Sunday afternoon and the visitors had the best of it throughout the five innings, at the end of which the game was called off on account of the terrific rain which came up. The score stood 3 to 0. Two of these runs were due to a fumble of a grounder by the home infield followed by a costly wild throw to first.

But altogether both games were fine exhibitions of ball and the teams are beautifully matched. The Sacred Heart boys are a gentlemanly set and are always welcome in Ada.

June 11th, 12th and 13, Frisco will sell tickets to Louisville, Ky. and return at rate \$25.45. Tickets will be limited 30 days for the return. Side trip tickets will be sold from Louisville to all other points in the state of Kentucky at very low rates. On June 16th, 17th and 18th. Call and get particulars. I. McNair, Agent.

THE EVILS OF CONSTIPATION.

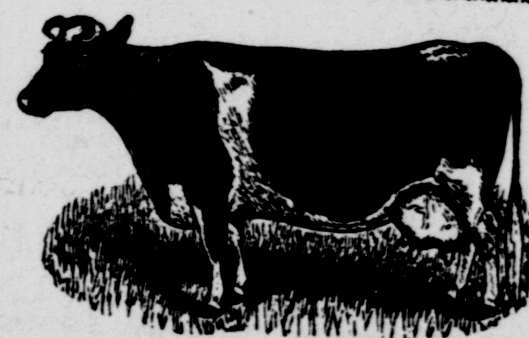
Everyone Knows When He is Constipated and Everyone Should Know the Risk He is Running When He Fails to Promptly Correct it.

Any Disease Epidemic or Otherwise to Which He or She May be Exposed is Sure to Result Seriously.

There are two ways to remove constipation; the wrong way is to drench the bowels with a powerful, gripping, drastic cathartic that injures the coating of the bowel channels and produces an early return of the trouble in a more chronic form. The right way is to use a natural, easy and mild laxative that tones up and strengthens the bowels and leaves a healthful influence behind it. Prickly Ash Bitters will empty the bowels just as thoroughly as the harsher cathartics, and combines all the tonic and strengthening properties necessary to permanently cure the habit.

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine Prickly Ash Bitters with the large figure 8 in red on the front label.

Sold Everywhere, Price \$1.00.



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Correct Neat Abstracts of Title at Reasonable Prices

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Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.

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Is given up to be best. Do

Largest Agency Work

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Wholesale and Retail Buggies

The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices

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Prompt and Careful Attention

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Use Big 64 for unnatural

discharges, inflammations,

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of mucous membranes.

Painless, and not astrin-

gent or poisonous.

Sold by Druggists,

or sent in plain wrapper,

by express, prepaid, for

\$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75.

Circular sent on request.

The NICKEL STORE

Where You Save Money on Everything.

Look Look Look

A full size dinner plate and white metal knife and fork, all for only 5c, with 25c worth of other goods SATURDAY. One set to a customer.

Household and Kitchen Utensils.

Cups and saucers, 50c values, a set 39c.

Dinner plates, 50c values, a set 35c.

8 inch platters, 15c values, each 10c.

7 inch oval meat dishes, 15c values, each 10c.

Fine American China cups and saucers, decorated, \$1.25 values, per set 75c.

Dinner sets of the same goods, a set 75c.

White granite milk pitchers, 29c, 35c, 44c.

A few mentionings from our

Hardware Specials

Padlocks, 10c, 15c, 20c and 25c.

Common door locks, complete with knobs, 25c.

3 inch coat and hat hooks, per dozen 15c.

Whet stones, 5c, 10c.

Fine Austrian razor hones, 25c, 35c, 45c.

Cobbler's outfit for mending shoes, lasts, hammer, etc., 59c.

Smoother irons, No. 5, 25c; No. 6, 30c; No. 7, 35c; No. 8, 40c.

Mrs. Potts' nickel plated set of 3 irons costs you 90c.

Coffee mills, good quality, box mills, 45c.

Perforated chair seats, each with tacks, 9c.

Good steel nail hammers, 39c.

Tack hammers, 5c, 10c.

Screen door springs, good ones, each 5c.

Matting tacks, 3 boxes for 5c.

500 count carpet tacks, per box 5c.

Shoe tacks, brass plated, 4 pound boxes, 5c.

Carriage or plow bolts, each 1c.

Handsaws from 50c up to Henry Disston's D 8 grade, which is \$1.50.

Files, first class hand-saw files, slim taper, 3 1/2 inch, 4 inch, 4 1/2 inch, each 5c.

First class flat files, 8 inch, 10c; 10 inch, 15c; 12 inch, 20c.

Scissors, or shears from 5c to 95c.

Razors, Clauss make, absolutely guaranteed, \$1.

Fruit jars, Ball, Mason's, well we sell them so cheap we believe no one complains at the price.

Bambo Fishing Poles, 10c each, Fish Hooks and Lines to numerous to mention, but we sell them right.

5c

Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

S. M. Shaw, Prop

New location on Main Street third door west of Rellows corner.

Phone 77.

The Peacemaker.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The opportunities for flirtations at family hotels are proverbial, and it has been remarked by those in a position to know that they are freely availed of. Anyway this was true at the Wilmont, where a select coterie of the smart set were domiciled at a price per week which enabled the landlord to lose shocking sums at the racetracks.

The starting point was invariably the hour or two after dinner, when the guests idled in the great parlors, listened to the orchestra and filled each other with envy at their new gowns and jewels. It was here that Beardsly first noted what a deucedly fine woman Mrs. Drayton was. Be it said, however, that he noted it only casually, and in the most discreet manner. But it came to be quite a habit for him to hang over her chair for a few moments each evening and indulge in a few gallantries. It caused no comment, however, as Beardsly was well known to be thoroughly in love with his wife—a most ridiculous thing for a man who had been married three years and was living at the Wilmont. But then Mrs. Beardsly was a remarkably pretty woman, with her blue eyes and golden hair, and the other men did not wonder at all. So it was recognized that Beardsly's attentions to Mrs. Drayton were wholly innocent and inspired entirely by a social and friendly impulse. And then, of course, everybody at the Wilmont understood that all men admire dashing and handsome and sparkling women and are entitled, even compelled, to give expression to such admiration.

But after a time a change was noticed in the character of Beardsly's devotion to the dark widow, and the gossips—for there were gossips, strange to say, at the Wilmont—began to look knowingly and shake their heads and sniff the air as though they had caught the scent of a new scandal. Mrs. Drayton herself noted the change in Beardsly's attitude first of all, and was somewhat flattered, somewhat puzzled and a trifle alarmed.

He sought her side every evening after dinner and remained there until the company dispersed for the opera, the receptions or the ball. And his attentions changed. He no longer looked into her eyes with mild gallantry, but with a burning admiration which sent the blood to her cheeks—as experienced and well-controlled as was her heart. And his words changed from trite and meaningless pleasantries to expressions through whose veil she could see the threat of pursuit.

Mrs. Drayton was not a woman to dodge such an issue or to fear it. In fact, it was a game in which she was thoroughly experienced. Had it been Chalmers or Phelps or McIntosh she would have understood it and welcomed the contest. But Beardsly—it puzzled her and made her a trifle afraid. He grew persistent and managed to get to her side at box parties and dinners and automobile parties and all sorts of places. The gossips began to watch them more closely—and to whisper. She guessed, however, with her woman's instinct, that there was more to the situation than a mere passion of a man for a woman. So she purred and waited and watched. She was exceedingly discreet, and while not repelling Beardsly in the least, sent him away from her time after time when she saw that the eyes of the gossips were upon them and that the situation threatened to become compromising. But she did it all with such adroitness that Beardsly instead of being offended was the more fascinated.

The crisis came one evening when Beardsly leaned over her chair and whispered some things to her which were unmistakable.

A slight flush came to Mrs. Drayton's face.

"You are a married man, Mr. Beardsly," she said with some dignity.

"Yes, but—" Beardsly began fiercely. But his voice died away, and he did not finish the sentence.

Mrs. Drayton waited patiently. She knew the hour had come.

Beardsly stood silent for a moment, then said in a clear, self-controlled voice:

"Her interest is elsewhere; I am a mere incident with her. I have the right also to form other attachments."

Mrs. Drayton smiled inscrutably. After all it was not her charms which attracted Beardsly, but the repulsion of another woman which drew him to her side. "Not so flattering to me," she thought grimly. "But rather more creditable to him."

Then with the adroitness of a clever woman she drew him out—not by questions, of course, but by opportunities for him to talk. And he told her his trouble—the trouble she had known all along she would learn eventually. She let him do it despite the fact that the eyeglasses of a dozen of the worst of the gossips were upon them.

It seemed that some weeks previously he had arrived home at an unusually early hour and had stepped quickly through his own room, throwing off his overcoat and hat, and entering his wife's room, which was connected by a door, intending to surprise her with a lover's kiss. As he stepped in he was paralyzed to see her standing near the other door connected with the outer hall, her arms about the neck of a tall young fellow, who kissed her, turned and went out. He had retired at once quietly to his own apartment to think, and his thinking had resulted in the conviction that she had tired of him and that there was no use of violence or crimination, which could not restore her love but merely make a scandal.

"Hence," thought Mrs. Drayton, smiling to herself, "you came to me to save your wounded dignity."

What Beardsly said, however, was this:

"And, after all, I thought, what did it matter when your eyes had smiled into mine and there might be a chance for me—here?"

The widow was doing some very fast thinking. She was a very astute and observing woman as well as a dashing and attractive widow and she knew in her heart that Mrs. Beardsly was as much in love with her big, sturdy, easy-going husband as he was with her. Hence, she reasoned, there must be some mistake. What it was, she did not know, but she did know she could easily find out if she gave her mind to it.

Then came the tempter. Beardsly was a fine big fellow with a heart like an open book, and an ample fortune, and Mrs. Beardsly had snubbed her upon several occasions. Beardsly was hers if she wanted him. Then she made her decision—and sent him away, aware that they had been the object of most of the conversation in the room during the past quarter of an hour.

"Why so cold?" grumbled Beardsly two evenings later as he sought a seat beside Mrs. Drayton on the green plush tete-a-tete in the far corner of the south parlor.

"I have been thinking," replied Mrs. Drayton softly.

"That's bad—produces wrinkles," replied Beardsly. "I haven't been able to have a word with you since Tuesday evening."

"I have been thinking," pursued Mrs. Drayton calmly, "that you owe it to yourself and to Mrs. Beardsly to let her know that you were spying on her and—"

"Spying!" exclaimed Beardsly, leaping to his feet with a suddenness which attracted every eye in the room.

"—And what you saw," went on the widow smiling up at him inscrutably. "You owe it to your own dignity and to her."

"But," responded Beardsly, bewildered, but—

"There is no but about it," replied Mrs. Drayton. "Go and do it and then come to me."

"It'll make a deuced awkward scene," expostulated Beardsly, but the widow waved him away and summoned Phelps with a lift of her eyebrow.

The next evening as the guests entered the parlor after dinner Beardsly brushed past Mrs. Drayton and paused to whisper:

"It's all right. It was her brother who ran away from home and doesn't want his father to know where he is until he makes good. So he came to see her and send word to his mother. You're a wise counsellor, Mrs. Drayton."

Then he hurried in after his wife, by whose side he clung all the evening with loverlike ardor.

Mrs. Drayton went for a promenade with Phelps, wearing her inscrutable smile—albeit there was just a suggestion of weariness about the corners of her mouth.

Friends of the Beardslys and Mrs. Drayton may remember that Mrs. Beardsly never spoke to Mrs. Drayton after that, and the gossips said they did not blame her, after the shameless way she carried on with Beardsly. They may not know, however, that Mrs. Drayton was not at all surprised or put out because she knows human nature.

"If I had made all the trouble I might," she said sagely to herself, "they would all be pitying Kitty, and I would have had her profound respect. But the peacemaker is always impossible."

TRIP TO BUENOS AYRES. From New York It Takes Thirty Days or More Under Favorable Circumstances.

There is no direct passenger service to Chili or the River Plata from the United States. Passengers from New York, for example, wishing to get to Buenos Ayres must either take passage to Rio de Janeiro and there tranship to one of the European lines touching at that port en route to the south, or they must cross the Atlantic and tranship in some European port to a steamer sailing to Buenos Ayres.

If they wish to get to Chili they may go via the Isthmus of Panama, suffering the inconvenience of transfer to the Panama railroad and to one of the west coast steamship lines; or they may go to Rio de Janeiro or Montevideo and there tranship to a steamer of the Pacific Steam Navigation company's line running through the straits to Valparaiso; or they may go to Liverpool or Hamburg and there take steamer direct to Valparaiso.

When the European steamship lines respond, as they will do shortly, to the Argentine government's offer of subsidies for quick service, the passage from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres will be reduced to 15 days. This will make the journey to Valparaiso during the summer months, when the Andes passes are open, 17 or 18 days, and during the winter months about 25 to 30 days.

The trip from New York to Buenos Ayres, with transfer at Rio de Janeiro, occupies at least 23 days, if close connection is made at Rio, with a sailing once a month only from New York. From New York to Valparaiso the quickest possible time would be about 25 days via Buenos Ayres during the summer months (December to April), with close connection at both Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres. The voyage via Panama takes 28 or 30 days under favorable circumstances, but is most likely to require 35 days.

The Blue Eyes Of Ethel.

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Although I am a serious minded man, I trust I can tolerate, and even indulge in, moderate levity at times. Ethel says I can and she, if anyone does, should know.

For months before I met her at the graduating reception of my class in college, I had heard of her as being "a mighty pretty girl." Now if there was one thing which I then held in utter scorn, it was a pretty girl. I carried Franklin's saying of "handsome is that handsome does" to the extreme—and beyond, if I may be permitted the expression, I held that feminine plainness and virtue walked hand in hand, and that no girl who was pretty could also be fitted for the pedestal on which my ideal was raised. So you see Ethel went on no anti-acquaintance homage from me on account of her being acknowledged pretty.

At the reception, however, we were forced into each other's company. Most of the fellows except me, happened to be either engaged or head over heels in love and there was a prevalent opinion, I afterward learned, that the man who had won the highest honors in the class of 'Ought-Two ought to have some claim upon the belle of the reception, which Ethel undoubtedly was. I made a frank acknowledgment to her at the outset.

"As we are to be neighbors at our summer houses up in the Old Granite State this year, we ought to be acquainted, but I promise not to keep you from your conquest of hearts. You must on the other hand, count me as an immune. I have never yet seen the woman I could love, though I have many friends among your sex. I promise, then, not to fall in love with you, and you of course don't have to say you won't fall in love with me. That goes without saying. Now let's be friends and friends only!"

For the smallest fraction of a second the blue eyes of Ethel looked into mine, and then drooped shyly under their silken fringes. Although, as I said, I am a serious minded man, I felt the queerest sensation about my temples I had ever known. It was like being under fire for the first time.

Ethel extended her hand, quite the prettiest I have ever seen—small, white, and delicate beyond expression.

"Thank you," she exclaimed in a low, frank voice. "I am so tired of the men who fall in love with me. I tell you the simple truth when I say you are the first—the very first—who has promised to be only a friend. You can't think now exceedingly refreshing it is!"

As we adjourned to our summer residences in Hudson the next week, we saw much of each other after that. There was canoeing on the liquid silver of the Merrimack and there was golf among the hills, which looked as if they might have served as tees for the Titans of old.

The last day came, the day when I was forced to end my vacation. Ethel and I sat in the twilight on the veranda of "River Rest," as the Elwell cottage was called. We occupied opposite ends of the same willow seat.

"And we're still friends," I said elatedly. "Ethel"—I called her that in the spirit of true comradeship—"you can't tell how much that means to me!"

"I did not suppose that the valedictorian of his class at college would care for even the friendship of a girl like me!" she answered in such a tone that I even began to think Ethel might be serious, though I had seldom seen her in such a mood.

I steeled myself at the thought that she might be playing with me as she had played with others. I resolved that the fish who had escaped her net through a season's angling should not be drawn into its meshes at the close. I resolved to change the subject.

"What is your program for to-morrow?" I asked lightly.

"Boating, fishing, golfing, tennis," she quoted from the prospectus of the nearby hotel.

"With Hartley Grady?" I inquired. Grady had been a favorite of hers when I wasn't around—which was seldom.

"Yes, I suppose he and I will have to strike up a comradeship for September."

This didn't please me, though I couldn't have told why. At college I'd always thought Grady a fine fellow, and I was puzzled at the sudden aversion I felt to him. Yet not for the world would I have said a word against him. To malign a man without evidence and just cause is the act of a cad.

"What time are you going west?" I queried. There was a Californian trip in prospect, and I wondered how soon she'd get away from Grady. A surprise was in store for me.

"Papa says the Grady's are going with us. I expect, from what he says we'll start about the first of October."

"You'll be making an end of your conquests soon, Ethel," I said, feeling as if I'd been shaken in a train collision. I laughed nervously. "Perhaps you'll be marrying Grady!"

"Perhaps!" She actually smiled. At that moment I could have fought Grady at ten paces or less. "You see a girl can't always catch a matrimonial fish. Why, it won't be long before I lose enough of my limited attractiveness to be down in your class of homely girls—the only sort you could ever love!"

I had told her of my distaste for, an distrust of, pretty girls.

"Did I say that?" I asked guardedly.

"I am sure you did," she announced positively. Confound it! I could not contradict her!

"But you have many years of attractiveness before you," I admitted, feeling forced into a compliment justified by facts.

"As if I wanted them!" she cried scornfully. "Why, I would give the world to have it disregarded, to be seen as myself, and to have others care for me, if they cared at all, for what I am!"

Really, I had not supposed Ethel capable of such a sentiment. I began to look at her in a new light. Was it possible? But there I stopped. Of course it wasn't!

I can never tell just how it happened. I know we were sitting nearer to each other than the limitations of the willow seat.

"And, Robert, we're still friends, aren't we?" I remember hearing her say, as one remembers things which occur in a dream.

"Yes,"—awkwardly—"and I promised not to fall in love with you!"

"But I—I didn't make any promise!" Her saying that, I remember very, very distinctly, for it was superlatively sweet to my ears.

"Do you absolve me from my promise?" I asked.

There was no answer in words, but I knew that I was absolved. I no longer feared the result of the western trip, and when I met Hartley Grady next day I shook hands with him so enthusiastically that he seemed surprised.

In spite of her being a pretty girl, I love Ethel dearly.

QUEER PUZZLE IN NUMBERS.

One Combination That Can Be Multiplied with But Little Trouble.

Persons who like to puzzle their noddles over queer combinations of figures will find many things to interest them in the number 142,857. If you multiply it by two or three or four or five or by six each answer will contain the same digits merely transposed, says the Brooklyn Eagle. To multiply it by two simply transposes the first two figures to the last two places, thus: 285,714, while to multiply it by three you transpose only the first figure to the last place, thus, 428,571.

To multiply it by four you transpose the last two figures to the first two places, thus, 571,428, while to multiply it by five you transpose only the last figure to the first place, thus, 714,285. To multiply it by six you merely "shift the cut," that is to say, you transpose the two sets of triplets, placing the first three figures in the last three places, thus, 857,142. If you multiply it by seven you get something entirely new, the answer containing not one of the figures in the original number. Indeed, it will contain only one digit. Try it and see how near to 1,000,000 you can make it come.

If you wish to continue the exercise you can multiply the original 142,857 by eight merely by deducting one from the final seven and placing it before the initial one, the result being 1,142,856. And if you don't mind a little far-fetching you can multiply it by nine by nipping the four out of the second place, changing it to one and three (which make four), and placing them at the end, thus, 1,285,713.

Another little trick you can play with this original number is to add all its component digits together and make 27, thus one plus four plus two plus eight plus five plus seven equals 27. The two and the seven of this sum added together equal nine. The middle and add the two halves together and each column foots nine, thus, 142 plus 857 equals 999. Then, if you feel inclined, you can add those three nines together and get your 27 again, which is the sum of all the digits in each of the products of all the multiplications you have made, excepting the one, which is 999,999.

THE THRIFTY YANKEE MIND. An Illustrative Instance of Its Alacrity in Grasping an Advantage.

E. J. Phelps, former United States minister to England, was building a new stable on his home place at Burlington, Vt. He wanted to put it on the line of his property, and in doing so tore down part of a stone wall which marked the boundary and which stood half on his land and half on the land adjoining, relates the New York Sun.

The workmen, instead of otherwise disposing of the stone, as they had been ordered to do, threw it over the line, and Mr. Phelps feared trouble with his neighbor, who was a close-fisted person, of a temper none too sweet and very jealous of his rights. As Mr. Phelps was observing the progress of the work on his stable one day he saw his neighbor looking rather cross at him, as he thought, and went over to him prepared to make his peace as best he might, having it in mind to say that he would haul away the stone at his own cost, which would have been an expensive undertaking. He did not propose that at once, however. He went at it another way.

"Good morning, neighbor," said he; "I have been meaning to speak to you about that stone for some time. I suppose it isn't worth anything?"

The suggestion of possible value had its immediate effect on the thrifty Yankee mind, as, perhaps, the diplomat had thought it might.

"Waal yaas, Mr. Phelps, I sh'd think that that stum might be wuth quite a good deal fer building pup-poses."

"I'm glad to know that," said Phelps, "but I can't use it as well as you can. You are entirely welcome to my half of it."

So the result of that interview was peace, and not war.

John Lawson's Money.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

I married Leland Lawson for his money. He had quantities of it, and brought up as I had been to look forward to a wealthy marriage as the only fitting culmination to my social career, I had unhesitatingly accepted him when he asked me to be his wife. But I would make no false pretensions of love to gloss over the barter of my body and soul to the god of mammon, and so told Leland plainly.

When our engagement was announced I was criticised freely. A Van Cortlandt with some of the bluest blood in the land flowing through my veins to marry a son of John Lawson, who openly declared he had worked as a common miner before he had struck the vein in the silver mine out of which had come the stacked up millions. However, I was perfectly indifferent to the opinion of society in general. I knew it too well to have a very high estimation of the value of its censure. When the millions were mine I could soon alter all that.

Our wedding was an imposing spectacle; very touching and impressive to onlookers undoubtedly, but I felt as if I was the principal performer in an up-to-date farce. It was only after the ceremony was over and we had driven away amid a shower of confetti that, looking over at the commonplace man sitting beside me I wondered what my future life would be.

We went over to the Mediterranean for our honeymoon, going first to Algiers and gradually working our way back to Paris. How I did love those first few months!

A wonderful French, frilly maid was the first use I made of my newly acquired wealth, and only a woman who has had to go out without the aid of one of these wonderful creatures can realize what a joy she was to me. Then Leland was the best of traveling companions. It really was astonishing the amount of general knowledge he possessed; he was continually surprising me as the day when we arrived in Rome and I heard him talking Italian to the hotel porter. I had always thought him absolutely devoid of that education which comprises a knowledge of tongues.

In wondrously beautiful Venice while gliding along the still, dark canals, or out in the broader moonlit waters, I almost fell in love with Leland. If he had been tall and dark I certainly would have succumbed to the foolish passion, but he was just my own height, five-foot-seven, and nondescript, so I dismissed the idea as absurd. But I could not endure his absolute indifference. He was always most considerate and never failed in any of the small attentions I had been accustomed to receive from men of my own class, but he showed not the slightest appreciation of my beauty.

I became terribly lonesome; money was not quite everything. What was the use of spending my days in Paris buying gorgeous frocks and marvelous hats when there was no one to care how I looked. By the time we had been a month in Paris I was desperate. Why had I married Leland? I fancied he actually disliked me, and I did not wonder. What must a man think of a woman who frankly confesses she is marrying him for money? If he had been older, it might have been easier, but we were both young and I knew he had loved me once. Why had I ever been such a fool as to let him know I cared so much for those wretched millions? Of course he would never believe now that I loved him. I used to lie awake at nights wishing that odious money could be lost or stolen so that I could prove my devotion, for there was no doubt about the fact that I passionately adored my own husband. At length one day as we were motoring along the smooth roads outside Paris an idea came to me, and I gave a little gasp of delight, it was all so beautifully simple. A letter to Leland's father explaining everything and asking for the help which I knew the shrewd, kindly old man would never refuse to give. I wrote as soon as we got back to our hotel. A lengthy letter, saying exactly what I wanted and why I needed it.

We went on a motor tour through the chateau district, and daily I fancied Leland regretted more and more his hasty marriage, and I felt more in love than ever with the quiet, thoughtful man whom I was hourly discovering so vastly different from the commonplace, nondescript being I had imagined I was marrying.

My answer came at last, suddenly and unexpectedly, as things eagerly waited for generally do. We were dining in our private dining room when a bellboy entered with a cablegram. Leland took it from him and opened it carelessly: As he read the type-written message a queer, puzzled look came into his dark grey eyes. He said nothing, but handed the pink slip across to me. I read it slowly and thoughtfully. It was brief and to the point:

"Heavy losses. B. and S. failed. Come home immediately. J. Lawson."

I turned pale, whiter than the lace frock I was wearing. Would he believe it? I hardly dared raise my face to his, for this was the message I had implored Leland's father to send. At length I looked up to meet my husband's eyes fixed on me with a pitying expression.

"Poor little girl," he said gently. "I'm afraid this will be a pretty hard blow to you. I know you only cared for the money when you married me, and if the B. and S. has failed, there won't be very much of it left. It looks rather serious when the father wants me home."

I did not know quite what to say. The right words now meant my life's happiness, and I am not ashamed to

say I prayed a tiny prayer that I might speak them.

"Leland," at length I faltered. "Do you still think I care only for the money?"

I waited for a moment breathless, expecting his answer, but as he sat silently looking at the pink slip with a bewildering expression, I continued slowly: "Leland, look at me. I am glad, glad if the B. and S. has failed, and only wish you had not a cent left so that I could make you believe I care for you more than anything on earth."

Slowly those calm grey eyes were raised to my imploring blue ones, and my husband spoke quietly:

"Do you really mean that, Una?" And his voice was almost stern as he said it. "I don't want pity. Do you love me as other women love the men they marry?"

His voice trembled with repressed feeling, and I knew then that Leland loved me, and my heart sang for very joy. I could not speak. No words would come, but he seemed to understand, for abruptly pushing back his chair, he strode over to my side of the table. Unconsciously I rose from my seat, and before I knew how it had happened my husband's arms were round me, and he was whispering those things which every woman hopes to hear at least once in her life.

It was not till we were driving out to the Bois in the still luminous spring night that I found courage to make my confession. "Leland," I said softly, putting my hand on his arm, "will you forgive me, dear, for the deception I practiced on you? That cable was a fraud. The money is all right, for I wrote and asked your father to send that message to help me to show you that I did care for you."

Leland made an inarticulate noise, it sounded like a smothered laugh, and I continued hastily: "You will forgive me, won't you, and believe that I truly do wish that all those millions were at the bottom of the sea?"

There was a moment's silence. Every nerve in my entire body seemed to tremble in an agony of expectation, and then upon the still air burst peal after peal of joyous laughter. Hurt and amazed, I took my hand from its resting place and endeavored to draw back into the farthest corner of the Victoria, but a strong arm held me fast, and my husband's voice said tenderly, "Good Heavens, Una, you don't think I am laughing at you, surely? I was picturing the Pater's face when he receives our letters begging him to cable that his treasured money was lost, for I too thought of that bright idea to try and discover whether you did not care just a little."

RIDING ON THE BELLS.

Spanish Children Have Great Sport in the Cathedral Towers on Fete Days.

On certain fete days the youngsters of Seville, Spain, enjoy themselves in the clock towers of the cathedral, for on such occasions a curious custom permits them to ring the bells, and they do so after their own fashion, in an ingenious and original way.

While the regular bell-ringers repose, these Spanish lads climb up on the bells, throw them forward with all their strength, and ride upon the great masses of metal in their furious swinging to and fro.

Imagine what an uproar is produced when all the bells of a cathedral are being banged about in this manner. Any young man who is able may exercise his skill, and the duration of the ringing depends upon the endurance of the ringers.

The spectacle is very strange of the great bells swinging with one, two or more bold young ringers hanging from them in any attitude which seems to them best adapted to pushing them the farthest and beating out the most noise.

In the Giralda at Seville (says a writer) the first time I witnessed this, the clangor was frightful. When I looked up I thought at first, with a thrill of terror, that some unfortunate was entangled in the bell rope, but I soon found it was a matter of sport.

Another ringer appeared suspended in the air, holding the bell by the ears or the rim, or the wooden framework, and following the swinging rush in all its movements, sometimes feet, sometimes head downward!

Such are the daring young bell-ringers of Seville.

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

Constable Who Is Bound to Bag Motorist Finds a Suitable Pretext.

The motor trap was nicely set, the official stop-watch in perfect order, and the constable alert and ready, as Car No. Y Z entered the measured quarter of a mile, and rushed headlong to a stiff fine and costs.

Half the fatal distance had been covered, when a perspiring cyclist shouted a warning, and the car slowed down with a jerk until it hardly seemed to move at all. And as it crawled fitfully to the end of the measured quarter the grin on the face of the driver was good to see.

Then out stepped the representative of the law.

"Well, constable, what is it?" said the man at the wheel, beaming at the universe generally.

"I shall have to summon you, sir," said the constable, sternly.

"Summon me? You're joking! You can't summon me for traveling at the rate of five furlongs an hour. Why, there's half a dozen cars behind me whose drivers are fuming because I've been blocking the way."

"Yes, that's it, sir; I must summon you for obstruction!"

Owing to Death of Senator Gorman this Morning Nothing Transpired in the Way of Statehood

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow: Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 74 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1906

NUMBER 68

HOT WEATHER REQUISITES

Two Piece Suits

HAWES
SAILORS

\$2.00
2.50
3.00



GENUINE
PANAMAS

\$5.00
6.50
7.50

Edwin Clapp Low Cuts, \$5.00 and \$5.50

"Our Own Make" Low Cuts, \$3.50 and \$4.00

And Other Styles Down to \$1.50

We Would Like to Show You

Scott-Hoard Co

NEGRO CRIMINALS ARE BECOMING A TERROR

There is danger of the morals of the Chickasaw negroes being ruined by the importation of so many foreign Afro-Americans—as Booker Washington would style them—into the country.

Saturday night the crap game at Stebben's camp, south of town, continued on into the Sunday morning, when Chas Butler entered the game. Jim Moore, the stable boss, gave notice that there had to be a square deal and that no bad money went. Soon after the Butler nigger pulled a big gun and twice shot the stable boss. One shot penetrated the breast at the left nipple, ranged downward and passed through the body. The second shot went through the abdomen and out the back. Moore will likely die. The negro Butler succeeded in reaching Madill on the morning Frisco where, on account of the activity of the Ada marshals he was caught and returned to Ada. Henry Sells, colored, was land

ed in jail Saturday charged with the stabbing of Daniel Blue in side with knife. The crime occurred near Conway. Sell's preliminary trial is held up pending victim's expected death.

Pomp Blue was arrested and jailed Saturday on bench warrant.

There are seven prisoners in jail at present.

Frightful Street Car Wreck.

Providence, R. I., June 4.—Eleven persons are dead, a score seriously and many others slightly injured as the result of the overturning of a crowded electric car at Moors Corner, in East Providence, early Sunday morning. More than a hundred young men and women who had spent the evening at Crescent Park, six miles below the city, were on a chartered car returning to this city and Thornton.

Dr. Bisant, dentist, over Ada National Bank.

BOMB THROWER KILLS GUARD THEN SUICIDES

Madrid, June 4.—The capture and suicide Saturday night at Torrejon de Ardos of Manuel Morales, the chief suspect in the bomb outrage against King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, adds another dramatic chapter to the incidents surrounding the royal wedding.

Morales was recognized in the little town of Torrejon de Ardos, midway between Madrid and Alcala. A guard sought to de-

tain him, but Morales, drawing a revolver, shot the guard dead. Then he turned to flee, but a number of inhabitants of the town were upon him and turning the revolver upon himself he sent a shot in the region of his heart, expiring a few minutes later. Senor Oses, proprietor of the hotel from the balcony of which Morales threw the bomb, viewed the body and completely identified it as that of his recent guest.

JUDGE FURMAN EDIFIES MUSKOGEE DEMOCRACY

Our distinguished fellow townsman, Judge Henry M. Furman, addressed the Muskogee Democratic club last Friday night. The Times Democrat contained the following resume of the speech:

"Mr. Furman held the strict attention of his audience for an hour and a half with an able discussion of public questions and an earnest appeal for thorough and practical organizations of the Democratic party."

"He answered the braggadocio of the Republican party that 'We are the God and Morality Party, the Party of Prosperity,' in such a fine flow of humorous and withering sarcasm as would meet the approval of the severest critic of the administration and brought out a fine comparison of what bureaucracy and Joe Cannonism had brought to Indian Territory in the way of prosperity. He paid a glowing tribute to the power of the press and drew some strong comparisons between the men who pay their 'compliments' to the loyal party press and those who pay for it in

cash, sustain it and stand for it and by it at all times."

"The speaker dwelt at length on the seeds and advantages of a system of primary nominations as against the conventions and star chamber nominations. He handled the party bosses without gloves and took a vigorous stand against the 'valler dog, brass collar' type of Democracy. In short, his plea to keep the party nomination and the party organization close to the people was both eloquent and vigorous, taking the position that if this was done the Democracy of the new state will be invincible, otherwise defeat and disaster are inevitable."

"The Democratic leaders and workers of Muskogee were there in full force, listened attentively and applauded vigorously, demonstrating that they are in sympathy with him on these questions that vitally point the way to party success or party failure in the state that is soon to be."

"The meeting was undoubtedly of mutual good to the club and the distinguished speaker alike and he will find further welcome in our city in the future."

SUNDAY BALL PLAYING AGITATES PUBLIC MIND

The question of morals and of law in the city of Ada as regards Sunday baseball playing, and how nearly the law under the ordinances under enforcement meets the requirement of correct morals and just where the line of demarcation is as between right conduct and Sunday baseball playing, and whether the present Sunday baseball ordinance is valid, and so forth, are the questions of considerable agitation.

Between Christian and sinner, good citizen and good citizen, priest and preacher, the discussion has waxed warm and furious.

The law will be tested Friday, if valid, it is a dead cinch strict enforcement will result. Here is the ordinance passed under the Parson Drury and Sherwood Hill administration:

ORDINANCE NO. 42.

An ordinance to prevent the playing of baseball, football or any similar out door amusement within the incorporated limits of Ada on the Sabbath day.

Be it ordained by the Town of Ada:

Section 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to play any game of base ball,

foot ball or any similar outdoor game within the incorporated limits of the town of Ada on the Sabbath day, either for money or amusement.

Sec. 2. That any person or persons guilty of violating this ordinance shall be fined in any sum not exceeding \$25.

Sec. 3. That this ordinance shall be in force and effect from and after its passage and publication.

Passed this 3d day of June, 1902.

H. T. Drury, Mayor.
S. W. Hill, Recorder.

Morrison's Funeral.

Special to the Evening News
Konawa, I. T., June 4.—The funeral of A. J. Morrison, who was assassinated Friday night, occurred at Alliance cemetery Sunday afternoon. The procession was the largest ever seen in this section, being about three-quarters of a mile in length. Many relatives and friends from Lexington and the Chickasaw nation were present. The ceremonies were conducted under the auspices of the Woodmen.

The deceased carried \$5,000 insurance. Mrs. Morrison has offered \$500 reward for identity of assassin.

NEXT STATEHOOD MOVE WILL BE THE SENATE'S

Washington, June 4.—The conference report on the statehood bill, which was brought into the House and Senate Saturday afternoon, now makes the issue dependent on the result of the contest in the Senate. The contest is to be today, for Mr. Foraker will move that the report be rejected and a new conference committee be appointed. Mr. Beveridge has expressed himself as confident that the report will

be accepted; Mr. Foraker says he is certain it will be rejected.

Undoubtedly there are several senators who voted with Mr. Foraker when the bill was under consideration before who are now disposed to accept the compromise. At least three of this kind have announced their purpose to accept the compromise, but Mr. Foraker, excluding these, asserts there will be forty-nine votes in favor of the motion to reject the report.

OUR JUNE SALE

25 Per Cent Discount

Sale On Clothing

COMMENCES

Saturday, June 2

I. HARRIS.

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 84.



INVITE A GIRL

to have a glass of soda and see what she says. If it's a hot day and she says "no" we miss our guess.

ALL GIRLS LOVE SODA.

and it's the business of young gallants to see that they have it. Our soda beats them all. It's delicious, cool, and only 1c. Try it. We also sell Eureka Springs Mineral Water.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some rare bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building, :: 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249. Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$68,500. Ada, Ind., Tex.

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second Class Matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

INTENSIVE FARMING.

Under the above caption the Oklahoma City Oklahoman takes as an editorial text the remarkable strawberry yield described recently in the News and proceeds to generalize as follows:

"Instances of the wonderful productivity of Greater Oklahoma soil and the profitableness of intensive farming are continually coming to light.

"The Ada Daily News tells of a farmer of that vicinity who, in March a year ago, paid \$25 for 6,000 strawberry plants and planted them on an acre of land, and who has already picked and marketed 3,840 quarts which have netted him \$420.

It is likely that thousands of such instances could be recited in any single season; showing the splendid results from intensive farming in this new country were knowledge of all at hand. At any rate, it is well known that every successful farmer who tries his hand at truck growing in either Territory, or engages in what might be called intensive use of the soil, has reaped enormous profits.

"No country on earth is better adapted to this kind of farming than Greater Oklahoma. Both the soil and climate combine, to approach as near ideal conditions as can be found in any other region.

"The advantages of this kind of farming over the old system is that markets are generally better and the harvest more certain. The years are exceptions rather than the rule when there are not big profits found in it.

"Where land is so cheap and plentiful the old system is followed almost exclusively because it involves less work and generally yields satisfactory returns. But the day is rapidly approaching when the rich valleys of this new region are going to be devoted largely to truck growing. There is more money in it than in the production of wheat, corn or cotton upon the same and an absence of uncertainty in yield which will be better appreciated as the years roll by.

A CITIZEN TO BE PROUD OF.

The city of Ada should be, and is, proud of her Furman. He is widely recognized as one of the foremost statesmen of the two territories. Universally known as a leading exponent of just, righteous government, naturally he is in great demand as an expounder of genuine democracy. In the organization of the new State his services will be needed, the people will want him and undoubtedly will be glad to confer upon him any political honors within their gift.

STRANGE SAVAGE CUSTOM

Weird Tribal Ceremony of the Natives of the Anglo-Abyssinian Boundary.

Some remarkable tribal customs are reported by an expedition sent into the comparatively unknown countries between the Abyssinian capital and the northwest of Lake Rudolf, in the neighborhood of the Anglo-Abyssinian boundary.

While the expedition was sitting out at Maji, the Abyssinian post in the southwest, the local Shankalla king died. He was sewn up in a fresh hide bag in a sitting position and placed on the floor of his hut, which stood in a clearing in the forest, and from miles around his subjects came to the lying in state.

The ground of the clearing was of hard beaten clay. All round were thick rows of huge "gogo" palms, and on one side four spacious, well thatched huts and a curious mound, probably sacrificial. By the side of the huts thousands of cow bells, sweet in tone as those in a Swiss upland valley, were hung on rude trestles and swung backwards and forwards by bands of women under the direction of an old witch.

The hard, level flooring of the clearing shook under the feet of hundreds of naked warriors, chanting a wild song of death, now advancing in a rhythmic rush, now retreating and leaving two of their number in the open, who, with their 12-foot spears held horizontally just over their shoulders, the shafts quivering like a snake before it strikes, danced a wild war dance, keeping time to the chant of the chorus.

When the din grew louder the crowd surged round the dead king's hut, suddenly parted, and through the lane thus formed dashed a gleaming figure, adorned with a leopard skin, orange colored ostrich feathers, beads, and bands of copper and brass and ivory round his neck and arms.

Three times he rushed round the clearing, followed by the shouting, singing warriors, and then disappeared as quickly as he had come. The new king had been chosen.

Watch Speaks Time.

A Swiss watchmaker has invented a watch which speaks the time from a tiny phonograph. A very small hard rubber plate has the vibrations of the human voice imprinted on it, and is actuated by clockwork, so that at a given time the articulation is made indicating the hour. The utterance is sufficiently strong to be heard 20 feet away. It is possible by means of a device of this kind to combine sentiment with utility, as the vibrations may be made by any clear voice, and the watch may tell him the time tones of wife or children.

AMERICAN ARTISTS ABROAD

Their Merit Recognized and Rewarded Earlier Than It Is at Home.

Once more an American artist's picture holds the place of honor at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. Sargent had attained that honor; now it is Abbey's turn, with a picture distinctly American in subject, representing Columbus landing in the new world. Several other well-known American artists figure among the notable exhibitors. In the two annual picture shows now open in Paris, the same fact is true, reports the New York World.

American artists frequently complain, as do singers and musicians, that the surest way to distinction at home is recognition abroad. The protest implies that merit is not so readily accepted here as merit as it is in France and England.

The distinction attained by Sargent in London has done more than all his early successors in this country to assure his preeminence. The same may be said to be true of Abbey, although fame came to him easy as an illustrator. Something may be due to the circumstance that for years both have done most of their work abroad. Beyond a doubt, however, art is viewed far more hospitably in Paris and London than in New York. We have yet no art exhibitions that occupy so large a place in popular life as the regular shows of the two foreign capitals.

It is noteworthy also that more contemporary American artists have room in the Luxembourg museum, where living painters must await admission to the Louvre, than in our own Metropolitan. The Paris list counts about 25, among them Whistler, Sargent, Winslow Homer, La Farge, Alexander Harrison, Henry Mosler, Walter MacEwen, Carl Melchers, Miss Cassatt, Edwin L. Weeks and H. O. Tanner.

Under the old management American artists were treated with suspicion at the Metropolitan. It was sometimes difficult to get their works through the museum's doors even as gifts.

Fortunate, all that is being rapidly changed. Sir Purdon Clarke advocates the necessity of building up a representative American collection. Mr. George A. Hearn has donated a large fund, of which the income is reserved for the purchase of American works. It is a curious commentary on American taste that it was not until a foreign director was put in charge of the Metropolitan that American artists were promised something of the same public recognition they receive from the French government.

TURKEY WITH WOODEN LEG

Tale of a Gobbler That Smacks Something of the Munchausen Flavor

In most communities there are certain persons who possess peculiar characteristics, habits and beliefs, and this is true of the long shore sportsman of the old Mother State as of persons dwelling elsewhere, says Forest and Stream.

Many of the old time sportsmen still carry and use their muzzle loading guns, which cannot be displaced by more modern arms. They usually manage to bag a good many birds and other game, and this is chiefly due, it is believed, to their knowledge of the habits of the game. They seldom go out without finding something.

A story is told of one gunner who if any of the shot should fall from his hands while loading his gun will at once return home and make no further effort to hunt that day, believing as he says, that those lost were his luck shot, and it would be useless for him to continue the hunt.

Another, whom I will call here Capt. Pete, is a sailor and all round sportsman. He loves to tell of his adventures with his dogs and gun, and is seldom seen without them. He tells many stories about the accuracy of Sweet Lips, his gun, and declares he can beat any man "a-shootin'" for a turkey in the United States of Virginia.

On the occasion of a turkey hunt near the Rappahannock river Capt. Pete claims to have shot a 40-pound wild turkey, for which he was offered \$4 cash. The gray whiskers on the turkey's breast were 18 inches long, and he had one wooden leg. Here Capt. Pete gives a laugh that could be heard a half mile away. "Sar, he was the biggest turkey I ever saw. There were 18 fellows in the bunch of us, and four others besides, and all ate a sumptuous meal from one-half of his breast."

Uncle Pete says he cannot account for that one wooden leg unless that turkey had been previously owned by some one as a pet wild turkey.

Natural Arm Chair.

A gardener in Korea has formed a natural arm-chair by twisting a growing vine to the required shape. It is also studded with seeds of the ginkgo tree, which have grown into the fiber of the vine. After the chair was fashioned in this way it was cut from the ground, dried and polished until it resembled mahogany. It is 3 feet 4 inches high, 26 inches wide and weighs over 100 pounds.

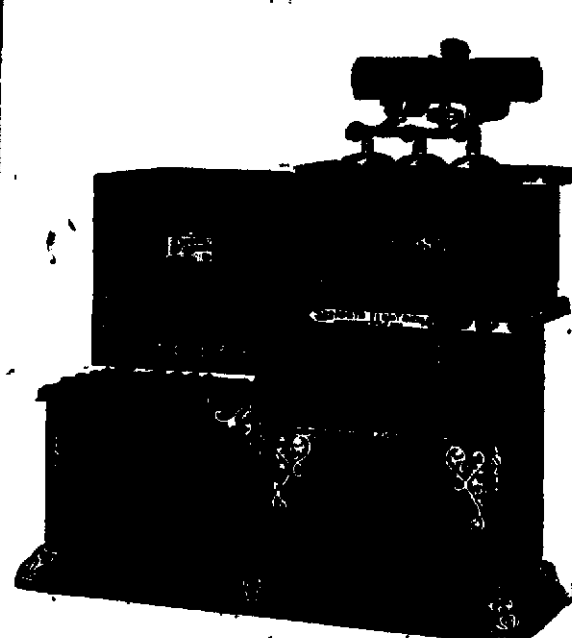
Banquet in a Coal Mine.

Lord Northcote, governor general of Australia, was entertained to a banquet in a coal mine at Newcastle, New South Wales. The banquet hall was 300 feet below the surface.

No Student of Shakespeare.

"What is your favorite play?" asked the girl who quoted Shakespeare. "Well," answered the youth with long hair, "I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything."—Washington Star.

A Fine Assortment



Of Refrigerators, the best made, ice cream freezers, the very best, fruit jars, all sizes, wire screen doors, wire screen cloth,

The New Process Gasoline Stoves and Ranges.

The Best of All.

For Sale by R. E. HAYNES The Hardware Merchant

Opposite Citizens National Bank.

Prices Are Right.

ADA, I. T.

SUNSET ROUTE

OCEAN TO OCEAN

Offers the Best

Fast Trains, Latest Dining, Sleeping and Observation Cars Between

New Orleans and California, Daily

Through Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and will carry you over the

Road of a Thousand Wonders

that you read so much and hear so much about from the press and the people. Oil burning locomotives all the way, no smoke, no cinders. For beautiful illustrated literature and other information, see nearest Sunset Ticket Agent

If You Were

"BRED IN OLD KENTUCKY"

You should take advantage of the

Extremely Low Rates

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Louisville, Ky.

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Home Coming of Kentuckians, June 13th to 17th

THE

FRISCO

Will operate Through Cars from many points.

Rate, one fare plus \$2.00. Tickets sold June 11-12-13, from all stations. Open to Everybody.

For rates, routes, maps and other information apply to your nearest Frisco Agent or

D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.

F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

TIME CARD. Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS. No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m. No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m. No. 542 Local Freight, 8:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS. No. 509 Meteor, 8:58 a. m. No. 511 Texas Pass, 7:15 p. m. No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m. Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets. I. McNair, Agent.



Travel Right

When you have occasion to travel, use the same discrimination in buying a ticket that you would in buying anything else. Assure yourself in advance of what you may expect in the way of comfort and convenience en route.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad

with through trains (over its own rails) from St. Louis and Kansas City in the north, to San Antonio and Galveston in the south, offers a ready solution to the vexed question—"How to go?"

If there is any information you would like about a prospective trip, write me. I'll gladly give you the information and if possible have my representative call on you and personally assist you in every way. Think of my offer when you next have occasion to travel. Address.

W. S. ST. GEORGE, General Passenger & Ticket Agent, Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

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NORTH BOUND.

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SOUTH BOUND.

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THE NEWS' SOUVENIR ALBUM

Will Portray Ada and Ada Country in Beautiful Half Tone Pictures Made From

Actual Photographs

There will be Nearly 150 Views and no Expense is being spared in Compiling the Work

See Us About It

LOCAL NEWS

Subscribe for the News.

Try the News for job work.

Mrs. W. P. Doss is visiting relatives in Ardmore.

J. C. Sparger returned from a trip to Bonham.

Sam Torbett left for St. Louis this afternoon.

Dr. B. H. Erb, dentist, Henley & Biles building. Phone No. 1. 283 tf

Miss Sam Carter returned today to Leonard, Texas, after a visit with relatives in the city.

Wedding invitations—latest styles—turned out at the News office.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Van Horn left Sunday for Denison where they will make their future home.

J. E. Coulson, the busy merchant of Francis, was in Ada between trains Monday morning.

W. H. Heck, good citizen, formerly of Ada will return to Vinita this evening after a two days visit with friends.

G. L. Carrol returned to Ardmore today after a short visit with his daughters, Mrs. Richard Simpson and Miss Annie Carrol.

To those who have had a photo made of their home for News' Souvenir Album, may obtain some of the photos at a great reduced price of the Peerless Portrait Co. 89-tf

In Mayor's Court.

The city court was engaged Monday afternoon in the trial of Nightwatchman Will Bailey for fighting Lee Gaar. The case was not completed as we go to press.

A Sunday Marriage.

Mr. Charlie Russell and Miss Ora Lucile Crow, popular young people living about two miles south of town, were married Sunday afternoon in North Ada, the Rev. Y. Coleman officiating. Mr. Russell is a progressive, thrifty young farmer; the bride a most estimable young woman. The News extends its felicitations.

Stone Shot McLaughlin.

Sunday morning between Center and Midland at a railroad camp a man by the name of Stone shot another railroad man by the name of McLaughlin. The calibre of the gun was a 38 Colt's Automatic. A slight flesh wound resulted. The man's life was saved on account of the bullet striking his watch. The trouble occurred over a dispute concerning time.

Konawa Editor.

W. H. Hoffman, the genial editor of the Chief-Leader of Konawa, was in Ada Monday to meet his sister who will arrive from Texas this evening. Editor Hoffman says Konawa is outstripping Ada in present building. The Konawa National Bank has let a contract for a \$10,000 bank building. There will begin the erection soon of several additional stone and brick buildings. Tony Keller will erect a \$3,000 dwelling house.

Marriage Licenses.

Saturday afternoon licence to marry was issued to W. B. Walker, aged 32, and Mrs. Annie McFee age, 19. Deputy Clerk Constant, in his usual polished and acceptable manner, performed the ceremony. Monday morning T. M. Bradley, son of Dr. P. C. Bradley of Stenewall, accompanied by the News' friend, Buck Marshall, secured license to marry Miss Kate Fullerton, the daughter of the well known citizen of Ada, Tom Fullerton. They will be married Wednesday.

Night Watchman Fights.

Saturday night Nightwatchmen Culver and Bailey arrested J. L. Keys, alleged to have committed a nasty little crime at one of the depots. When they were nearing the calaboose Lee Gaar advanced and is said to have offered to make bond for the prisoner. They returned to Nolen's drug store where Keys was left in charge of Watchman Bailey while Culver went after blank bond. During the wait it is said Gaar and Keys, unsuspected by Bailey as to intent, went to the rear of the store and Keys pulled his freight. Gaar returned to the store presently and when Culver returned with the blank bond Gaar refused to execute it. During an argument concerning his agreement to sign it the lie was passed and a fight ensued. The reporter did not ascertain who got the best of it. It is said that although Watchman Bailey is a little thin he put up a heavyweight scrap. After the first round Gaar landed on Bailey when he was arrested by Culver. Bonds were made.

M. K. T. Special

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 11th 12th and 13th, \$20.65.

Mexico City, Mex., Aug. 15th to Sept. 1st, \$35.00.

Galveston, Tex., June 1st to Sept. 30th, \$18.90.

Round trip rates From Ada I. T.:

St. Paul, Minn., May 28 to 31, \$26.85.

San Francisco, Cal., June 25 to July 7, \$52.

Mexico City, Mexico, June 25 to July 7, \$40.

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 10 to 15, \$24.85.

Portland, Ore., June 18 to 22, \$47.55.

Springfield, Ill., May 31 to June 1 and 2, \$21.00.

Omaha, Neb., July 10 to 13, \$17.10.

Denver, Col., July 10 to 15, \$23.70.

C. F. Orchard, Agent.



Tornado at Mounds

Mounds, I. T., June 4.—A small tornado struck half a mile south of town, 150 yards wide and two miles long. Its course was northeast. The residence of a farmer, W. S. Moorman, was demolished. Moorman and his wife were away visiting. A hired man, Jim Goldspin, was dangerously injured. Trees were uprooted and outbuildings of other farmers torn to pieces.

Excavating Ancient Theater.

Verona, in Italy, is now completing the excavation of its Roman theater, a work which was begun in 1834. It is built in a semicircle. It dates from the time of Augustus Caesar and was lavishly decorated with marbles from Greece, Africa and Asia. The theater was formed of huge steps of granite above which were rows of private boxes, one of which stands in its original position, in excellent preservation, and with the name of the owner carved on it. Above the tiers of private boxes rose the places where the plebeians were seated and from where they looked down on to the stage or away to the water jousts on the river.

Physiological Facts.

A person's eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest vibration of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right.

City-Bred Children.

A London scientist says that life in a metropolis makes young children sharp but not clever; that it often destroys their chance of ever being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally; it makes them superficial, alert, but not observant; excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm; they are apt to grow blasé, fickle, discontented; they see more things than the country-bred child, but not such interesting things; and they do not properly see anything, for they have neither the time nor capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives.

His Defense.

"You are charged with beating your wife while drunk. What have you to say?"

"Your honor, had I been sober my wife would have beaten me."—N. Y. Press.

Souvenir Views.

Below we give a partial list of half-tone views which will be found in our handsome Souvenir Album. The cuts are made from actual photographs, printed in Sepia ink on fine calendared paper. This work of art will show Ada and Ada country to the world as she has never been shown before. If your residence, office or business does not show in this list see us at once, before it is too late:

- Two interiors Harris hotel.
- Several fine street scenes.
- Parnell's 30-acre orchard.
- Presbyterian church.
- Baptist church.
- New Methodist church.
- Christian church.
- Cumberland Pres. church.
- South side school building.
- Wilson lumber yard.
- Ada fire department.
- First National bank building.
- Ada
- Citizens
- Kyle's busses and barn.
- Ada ice plant.
- Sledge & Tolbert lumber yard.
- Carney's livery barn.
- Branding stock cattle.
- Picking cotton.
- Wheat threshing.
- Chopping cotton.
- Three views of cotton oil mill.
- Three views of light plant.
- Strawberries, 5 1/2 inches in cir.
- Sorosis club.
- XXth Century club.
- Ada flouring mill.
- P C swine, F Huddleston.
- Berkshire swine, C W Floyd.
- P C swine, Daniel Hayes.
- Duncan block.
- United States officials at Ada.
- Int. Haynes' l'dw're store.
- " Crawford & Bolen office.
- " Surprise store.
- " Ramsey's drug store.
- " Cox Greer dry goods store.
- " Mason drug store.
- " Powers' hardware store.
- " Browall & Faust's office.
- " Dr. Martin's office.
- " Ada Fur & Coffin Co. store.
- " Webb & Ennis' law office.
- " Duke Stone's law office.
- " Crowder's barber shop.
- " Epperson & Dean's office.
- " L C Andrews' law office.
- " Duncan's furniture store.
- Residence of S M Torbett.
- " J B Tolbert.
- " H M Furman.
- " A M Croxton.
- " John Beard.
- " E W Hardin.
- " Dr Martin.
- " Dr McMillan.
- " A H Constant.
- " J F M Harris.
- " U G Winn.
- " R W Simpson.
- " Dr Hodges.
- " B A Mason.
- " Dr Brents.
- " Jno L Barringer.
- " Dr Nolen.
- " Dr Shands.
- " Frank Jones.
- " Dr Browall.
- " Tom Hope.
- " C M Chaucney.
- " M B Donaghey.
- " W C Graves.
- " T J Little.
- " Frank Jackson.
- " L T Walters.
- " J H Dorland.
- " C W Floyd.
- " R W Allen.
- " J T Bowers.
- " W G Broadfoot.
- " W W Sledge.
- " L C Andrews.
- " J L Miles.

Celebrate Tenth Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Alexander, with the assistance of a number of invited guests, celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary Saturday evening.

The house and porches were brilliantly lighted and the guests enjoyed an evening they will not soon forget. Games of caricature were indulged in and much merriment resulted.

At 10:30 the Rev. Rippey announced that the bonds of wedlock would again be tied and after reading the scriptural marriage ceremony and a fervent prayer was said, the company was served with a delicious luncheon.

Many handsome and useful presents of tin and graniteware were received and after an inspection of these the guests departed wishing Mr. and Mrs. Alexander many returns of the tenth anniversary.

Frisco.

Summer tourist rates to points in the Southwest. Rate, one and one-fifth fare for round trip. Tickets on sale June 1st to September 30th. Final limit October 31st, 1906. This rate applies to many points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. Call and get particulars.

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D. D. S.

Manager,

DOSS & GRANGER

Pioneer

Dental

Office

ESTABLISHED 1901. OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK. PHONE 221.

WANTS

FOR RENT:—Two nice front office rooms in Little building. Apply to T. J. Little. 6t 68

NOTICE:—Those for whom I pasture livestock in field east of Katy railroad are notified that I will not pay pound fees after stock is delivered home each evening. I solicit your patronage. 6t 61 Fred Gay.

FOR SALE:—Two cars of one and two year old mules, gentle, good colors, out of good mares. Will make 15 to 16 hand mules when grown. 57-20t 10t-7 I. H. Roper, Itasca, Hill County, Texas.

FOR SALE OR RENT:—Nice six room residence, Daggs Addition. tf 56 U. G. Winn.

Snappy Ball Games.

In the base ball tilts Saturday and Sunday between the Sacred Heart and Ada teams each scored a victory. In the first game Ada won by a score of 5 to 3. But the tables turned Sunday afternoon and the visitors had the best of it throughout the five innings, at the end of which the game was called off on account of the terrific rain which came up. The score stood 3 to 0. Two of these runs were due to a fumble of a grounder by the home infield followed by a costly wild throw to first.

But altogether both games were fine exhibitions of ball and the teams are beautifully matched. The Sacred Heart boys are a gentlemanly set and are always welcome in Ada.

June 11th, 12th and 13, Frisco will sell tickets to Louisville, Ky. and return at rate \$25.45. Tickets will be limited 30 days for the return. Side trip tickets will be sold from Louisville to all other points in the state of Kentucky at very low rates. On June 16th, 17th and 18th. Call and get particulars. I. McNair, Agent.

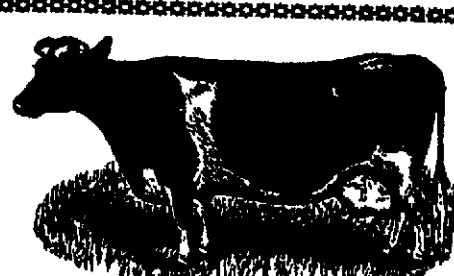
THE EVILS OF CONSTIPATION.

Everyone Knows When He is Constipated and Everyone Should Know the Risk He is Running When He Fails to Promptly Correct it.

Any Disease Epidemic or Otherwise to Which He or She May be Exposed is Sure to Result Seriously.

There are two ways to remove constipation; the wrong way is to drench the bowels with a powerful, gripping, drastic cathartic that injures the coating of the bowel channels and produces an early return of the trouble in a more chronic form. The right way is to use a natural, easy and mild laxative that tones up and strengthens the bowels and leaves a healthful influence behind it. Prickly Ash Bitters will empty the bowels just as thoroughly as the harsher cathartics, and combines all the tonic and strengthening properties necessary to permanently cure the habit.

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine Prickly Ash Bitters with the large figure 8 in red on the front label. Sold Everywhere. Price \$1.00.



New Dairy

I will start my wagon on Tuesday, June 5, and will be prepared to supply the people with milk and cream. Your patronage solicited.

R. L. McGUYRE, Phone No. 193.

LOANS

On Dead Claims, Intermarried Surplus and where Restrictions Are Removed. Improved City Property or to build.

Correct Neat Abstracts of Title at Reasonable Prices

W. H. EBEL, Ada, Ind. Ter.

HENRY M. FURMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.

Office in Duncan Building.

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown

GALBRAITH & McKEOWN

LAWYERS

Over Citizens National Bank

Ada, Ind. Ter.

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CAMPBELL & TERRELL

Attorneys-at-law

Practice in all Courts

Ada I. T.

Wedding announcements—the

uptodate kind—at the News of-

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The NICKEL STORE

Where You Save Money on Everything.

Look Look Look

A full size dinner plate and white metal knife and fork, all for only 5c, with 25c worth of other goods SATURDAY. One set to a customer.

Household and Kitchen Utensils.

Cups and saucers, 50c values, a set 39c.

Dinner plates, 50c values, a set 35c.

8 inch platters, 15c values, each 10c.

7 inch oval meat dishes, 15c values, each 10c.

Fine American China cups and saucers, decorated, \$1.25 values, per set 75c.

Dinner sets of the same goods, a set 75c.

White granite milk pitchers, 29c, 35c, 44c.

A few mentionings from our

Hardware Specials

Padlocks, 10c, 15c, 20c and 25c.

Common door locks, complete with knobs, 25c.

3 inch coat and hat hooks, per dozen 15c.

Whet stones, 5c, 10c.

Fine Austrian razor hones, 25c, 35c, 45c.

Cobbler's outfit for mending shoes, lasts, hammer, etc., 59c.

Smoother irons, No. 5, 25c; No. 6, 30c; No. 7, 35c; No. 8, 40c.

Mrs. Potts' nickel plated set of 3 irons costs you 90c.

Coffee mills, good quality, box mills, 45c.

Perforated chair seats, each with tacks, 9c.

Good steel nail hammers, 39c.

Tack hammers, 5c, 10c.

Screen door springs, good ones, each 5c.

Matting tacks, 3 boxes for 5c.

500 count carpet tacks, per box 5c.

Shoe tacks, brass plated, 1 pound boxes, 5c.

The Peacemaker.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The opportunities for flirtations at family hotels are proverbial, and it has been remarked by those in a position to know that they are freely availed of. Anyway this was true at the Wilmanite, where a select coterie of the smart set were domiciled at a price per week which enabled the landlord to lose shocking sums at the racetracks.

The starting point was invariably the hour or two after dinner, when the guests idled in the great parlors, listened to the orchestra and filled each other with envy at their new gowns and jewels. It was here that Beardsly first noted what a deucedly fine woman Mrs. Drayton was. Be it said, however, that he noted it only casually, and in the most discreet manner. But it came to be quite a habit for him to hang over her chair for a few moments each evening and indulge in a few gallantries. It caused no comment, however, as Beardsly was well known to be thoroughly in love with his wife—a most ridiculous thing for a man who had been married three years and was living at the Wilmanite. But then Mrs. Beardsly was a remarkably pretty woman, with her blue eyes and golden hair, and the other men did not wonder at all. So it was recognized that Beardsly's attentions to Mrs. Drayton were wholly innocent and inspired entirely by a social and friendly impulse. And then, of course, everybody at the Wilmanite understood that all men admire dashing and handsome and sparkling women and are entitled, even compelled, to give expression to such admiration.

But after a time a change was noticed in the character of Beardsly's devotion to the dark widow, and the gossip—there were gossips, strange to say, at the Wilmanite—began to look knowingly and shake their heads and sniff the air as though they had caught the scent of a new scandal. Mrs. Drayton herself noted the change in Beardsly's attitude first of all, and was somewhat flattered, somewhat puzzled and a trifle alarmed.

He sought her side every evening after dinner and remained there until the company dispersed for the opera, the receptions or the ball. And his attentions changed. He no longer looked into her eyes with mild gallantry, but with a burning admiration which sent the blood to her cheeks—as experienced and well-controlled as was her heart. And his words changed from trite and meaningless pleasantness to expressions through whose veil she could see the threat of pursuit.

Mrs. Drayton was not a woman to dodge such an issue or to fear it. In fact, it was a game in which she was thoroughly experienced. Had it been Chalmers or Phelps or McIntosh she would have understood it and welcomed the contest. But Beardsly—it puzzled her and made her a trifle afraid. He grew persistent and managed to get to her side at box parties and dinners and automobile parties and all sorts of places. The gossips began to watch them more closely—and to whisper. She guessed, however, with her woman's instinct, that there was more to the situation than a mere passion of a man for a woman. So she purred and waited and watched. She was exceedingly discreet, and while not repelling Beardsly in the least, sent him away from her time after time when she saw that the eyes of the gossips were upon them and that the situation threatened to become compromising. But she did it all with such adroitness that Beardsly instead of being offended was the more fascinated.

The crisis came one evening when Beardsly leaned over her chair and whispered some things to her which were unmistakable.

A slight flush came to Mrs. Drayton's face.

"You are a married man, Mr. Beardsly," she said with some dignity.

"Yes, but—" Beardsly began fiercely. But his voice died away, and he did not finish the sentence.

Mrs. Drayton waited patiently. She knew the hour had come.

Beardsly stood silent for a moment, then said in a clear, self-controlled voice:

"Her interest is elsewhere; I am a mere incident with her. I have the right also to form other attachments."

Mrs. Drayton smiled inscrutably. After all it was not her charms which attracted Beardsly, but the repulsion of another woman which drew him to her side. "Not so flattering to me," she thought grimly. "But rather more creditable to him."

Then with the adroitness of a clever woman she drew him out—not by questions, of course, but by opportunities for him to talk. And he told her his trouble—the trouble she had known all along she would learn eventually. She let him do it despite the fact that the eyeglasses of a dozen of the worst of the gossips were upon them.

It seemed that some weeks previously he had arrived home at an unusual ly early hour and had stepped quickly through his own room, throwing off his overcoat and hat, and entering his wife's room, which was connected by a door, intending to surprise her with a lover's kiss. As he stepped in he was paralyzed to see her standing near the other door connected with the outer hall, her arms about the neck of a tall young fellow, who kissed her, turned and went out. He had retired at once quietly to his own apartment to think, and his thinking had resulted in the conviction that she had tired of him and that there was no use of violence or intimidation, which could not restore her love but merely make a scandal.

"Hence," thought Mrs. Drayton, smiling to herself, "you came to me to save your wounded dignity."

What Beardsly said, however, was this:

"And, after all, I thought, what did it matter when your eyes had smiled into mine and there might be a chance for me—here?"

The widow was doing some very fast thinking. She was a very astute and observing woman as well as a dashing and attractive widow and she knew in her heart that Mrs. Beardsly was as much in love with her big, sturdy, easy-going husband as he was with her. Hence, she reasoned, there must be some mistake. What it was, she did not know, but she did know she could easily find out if she gave her mind to it.

Then came the tempter. Beardsly was a fine big fellow with a heart like an open book, and an ample fortune, and Mrs. Beardsly had snubbed her upon several occasions. Beardsly was hers if she wanted him. Then she made her decision—and sent him away, aware that they had been the object of most of the conversation in the room during the past quarter of an hour.

"Why so cold?" grumbled Beardsly two evenings later as he sought a seat beside Mrs. Drayton on the green plush tete-a-tete in the far corner of the south parlor.

"I have been thinking," replied Mrs. Drayton softly.

"That's bad—produces wrinkles," replied Beardsly. "I haven't been able to have a word with you since Tuesday evening."

"I have been thinking," pursued Mrs. Drayton calmly, "that you owe it to yourself and to Mrs. Beardsly to let her know that you were spying on her and—"

"Spying!" exclaimed Beardsly, leaping to his feet with a suddenness which attracted every eye in the room.

"—And what you saw," went on the widow smiling up at him inscrutably, "you owe it to your own dignity and to her."

"But," responded Beardsly, bewildered, but—

"There is no but about it," replied Mrs. Drayton. "Go and do it and then come to me."

"It'll make a deuced awkward scene," expostulated Beardsly, but the widow waved him away and summoned Phelps with a lift of her eyebrow.

The next evening as the guests entered the parlor after dinner Beardsly brushed past Mrs. Drayton and paused to whisper:

"It's all right. It was her brother who ran away from home and doesn't want his father to know where he is until he makes good. So he came to see her and send word to his mother. You're a wise counsellor, Mrs. Drayton."

Then he hurried in after his wife, by whose side he clung all the evening with loverlike ardor.

Mrs. Drayton went for a promenade with Phelps, wearing her inscrutable smile—albeit there was just a suggestion of weariness about the corners of her mouth.

Friends of the Beardslys and Mrs. Drayton may remember that Mrs. Beardsly never spoke to Mrs. Drayton after that, and the gossips said they did not blame her, after the shameless way she carried on with Beardsly. They may not know, however, that Mrs. Drayton was not at all surprised or put out because she knows human nature.

"If I had made all the trouble I might," she said sagely to herself, "they would all be pitying Kitty, and I would have had her profound respect. But the peacemaker is always impossible."

TRIP TO BUENOS AYRES.

From New York It Takes Thirty Days or More Under Favorable Circumstances.

There is no direct passenger service to Chili or the River Plata from the United States. Passengers from New York, for example, wishing to get to Buenos Ayres must either take passage to Rio de Janeiro and there transship to one of the European lines touching at that port en route to the south, or they must cross the Atlantic and transship in some European port to a steamer sailing to Buenos Ayres.

If they wish to get to Chili they may go via the Isthmus of Panama, suffering the inconvenience of transfer to the Panama railroad and to one of the west coast steamship lines; or they may go to Rio de Janeiro or Montevideo and there transship to a steamer of the Pacific Steam Navigation company's line running through the straits to Valparaiso; or they may go to Liverpool or Hamburg and there take steamer direct to Valparaiso.

When the European steamship lines respond, as they will do shortly, to the Argentine government's offer of subsidies for quick service, the passage from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres will be reduced to 15 days. This will make the journey to Valparaiso during the summer months, when the Andes passes are open, 17 or 18 days, and during the winter months about 25 to 30 days.

The trip from New York to Buenos Ayres, with transfer at Rio de Janeiro, occupies at least 23 days, if close connection is made at Rio, with a sailing once a month only from New York. From New York to Valparaiso the quickest possible time would be about 25 days via Buenos Ayres during the summer months (December to April), with close connection at both Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres. The voyage via Panama takes 28 or 30 days under favorable circumstances, but is most likely to require 35 days.

The Blue Eyes Of Ethel.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Although I am a serious minded man, I trust I can tolerate, and even indulge in, moderate levity at times. Ethel says I can and she, if anyone does, should know.

For months before I met her at the graduating reception of my class in college, I had heard of her as being "a mighty pretty girl." Now if there was one thing which I then held in utter scorn, it was a pretty girl. I carried Franklin's saying of "handsome is that handsome does" to the extreme—and beyond, if I may be permitted the expression, I held that feminine plainness and virtue walked hand in hand, and that no girl who was pretty could also be fitted for the pedestal on which my ideal was raised. So you see Ethel Elwell won no anti-acquaintance homage from me on account of her being acknowledged pretty.

At the reception, however, we were forced into each other's company. Most of the fellows except me, happened to be either engaged or head over heels in love and there was a prevalent opinion, I afterward learned, that the man who had won the highest honors in the class of 'Ought-Two ought to have some claim upon the belle of the reception, which Ethel undoubtedly was. I made a frank acknowledgment to her at the outset.

"As we are to be neighbors at our summer houses up in the Old Granite State this year, we ought to be acquainted, but I promise not to keep you from your conquest of hearts. You must on the other hand, count me as an immune. I have never yet seen the woman I could love, though I have many friends among your sex. I promise, then, not to fall in love with you, and you of course don't have to say you won't fall in love with me. That goes without saying. Now let's be friends and friends only!"

For the smallest fraction of a second the blue eyes of Ethel looked into mine, and then drooped shyly under their silken fringes. Although, as I said, I am a serious minded man, I felt the queerest sensation about my temples I had ever known. It was like being under fire for the first time.

Ethel extended her hand, quite the prettiest I have ever seen—small, white, and delicate beyond expression.

"Thank you," she exclaimed in a low, frank voice. "I am so tired of the men who fall in love with me. I tell you the simple truth when I say you are the first—the very first—who has promised to be only a friend. You can't think now exceedingly refreshing it is!"

As we adjourned to our summer residences in Hudson the next week, we saw much of each other after that. There was canoeing on the liquid silver of the Merrimack and there was golf among the hills, which looked as if they might have served as tees for the Titans of old.

The last day came, the day when I was forced to end my vacation. Ethel and I sat in the twilight on the veranda of "River Rest," as the Elwell cottage was called. We occupied opposite ends of the same willow seat.

"And we're still friends," I said elatedly. "Ethel"—I called her that in the spirit of true comradeship—"you can't tell how much that means to me!"

"I did not suppose that the valedictorian of his class at college would care for even the friendship of a girl like me!" she answered in such a tone that I even began to think Ethel might be serious, though I had seldom seen her in such a mood.

I steeled myself at the thought that she might be playing with me as she had played with others. I resolved that the fish who had escaped her net through a season's angling should not be drawn into its meshes at the close. I resolved to change the subject.

"What is your program for to-morrow?" I asked lightly.

"Boating, fishing, golfing, tennis," she quoted from the prospectus of the nearby hotel.

"With Hartley Grady?" I inquired. Grady had been a favorite of hers when I wasn't around—which was seldom.

"Yes, I suppose he and I will have to strike up a comradeship for September."

This didn't please me, though I couldn't have told why. At college I'd always thought Grady a fine fellow, and I was puzzled at the sudden aversion I felt to him. Yet not for the world would I have said a word against him. To malign a man without evidence and just cause is the act of a cad.

"What time are you going west?" I queried. There was a Californian trip in prospect, and I wondered how soon she'd get away from Grady. A surprise was in store for me.

"Papa says the Grady's are going with us. I expect, from what he says, we'll start about the first of October."

"You'll be making an end of your conquests soon, Ethel," I said, feeling as if I'd been shaken in a train collision. I laughed nervously. "Perhaps you'll be marrying Grady!"

"Perhaps!" She actually smiled. At that moment I could have fought Grady at ten paces or less. "You see a girl can't always catch a matrimonial fish. Why, it won't be long before I lose enough of my limited attractiveness to be down in your class of homely girls—the only sort you could ever love!"

I had told her of my distaste for, and distrust of, pretty girls.

"Did I say that?" I asked guardedly.

"I am sure you did," she announced positively. Confound it! I could not contradict her!

"But you have many years of attractiveness before you," I admitted, feeling forced into a compliment justified by facts.

"As if I wanted them!" she cried scornfully. "Why, I would give the world to have it disregarded, to be seen as myself, and to have others care for me, if they cared at all, for what I am!"

Really, I had not supposed Ethel capable of such a sentiment. I began to look at her in a new light. Was it possible? But there I stopped. Of course it wasn't!

I can never tell just how it happened. I know we were sitting nearer to each other than the limitations of the willow seat.

"And, Robert, we're still friends, aren't we?" I remember hearing her say, as one remembers things which occur in a dream.

"Yes," awkwardly—"and I promised not to fall in love with you!"

"Was my arm about her waist?" "But I—I didn't make any promise!"

Her saying that, I remember very, very distinctly, for it was superlatively sweet to my ears.

"Do you absolve me from my promise?" I asked.

There was no answer in words, but I knew that I was absolved. I no longer feared the result of the western trip, and when I met Hartley Grady next day I shook hands with him so enthusiastically that he seemed surprised.

In spite of her being a pretty girl, I love Ethel dearly.

QUEER PUZZLE IN NUMBERS.

One Combination That Can Be Multiplied with but Little Trouble.

Persons who like to puzzle their noddles over queer combinations of figures will find many things to interest them in the number 142,857. If you multiply it by two or three or four or five or by six each answer will contain the same digits merely transposed, says the Brooklyn Eagle. To multiply it by two simply transposes the first two figures to the last two places, thus: 285,714, while to multiply it by three you transpose only the first figure to the last place, thus, 428,571.

To multiply it by four you transpose the last two figures to the first two places, thus, 571,428, while to multiply it by five you transpose only the last figure to the first place, thus, 714,285. To multiply it by six you merely "shift the cut," that is to say, you transpose the two sets of triplets, placing the first three figures in the last three places, thus, 857,142. If you multiply it by seven you get something entirely new, the answer containing not one of the figures in the original number. Indeed, it will contain only one digit. Try it and see how near to 1,000,000 you can make it come.

If you wish to continue the exercise you can multiply the original 142,857 by eight merely by deducting one from the final seven and placing it before the initial one, the result being 1,142,856. And if you don't mind a little far-fetched you can multiply it by nine by nipping the four out of the second place, changing it to one and three (which make four), and placing them at the end, thus, 1,285,713.

Another little trick you can play with this original number is to add all its component digits together and make 27, thus one plus four plus two plus eight plus five plus seven equals 27. The two and the seven of this sum added together equal nine, the middle and add the two halves together and each column foots nine, thus, 142 plus 857 equals 999. Then, if you feel inclined, you can add those three nines together and get your 27 again, which is the sum of all the digits in each of the products of all the multiplications you have made, excepting the one, which is 999,999.

THE THRIFTY YANKEE MIND.

An Illustrative Instance of Its Acuity in Grasping an Advantage.

E. J. Phelps, former United States minister to England, was building a new stable on his home place at Burlington, Vt. He wanted to put it on the line of his property, and in doing so tore down part of a stone wall which marked the boundary and which stood half on his land and half on the land adjoining, relates the New York Sun.

The workmen, instead of otherwise disposing of the stone, as they had been ordered to do, threw it over the line, and Mr. Phelps feared trouble with his neighbor, who was a close-fisted person, of a temper none too sweet and very jealous of his rights. As Mr. Phelps was observing the progress of the work on his stable one day he saw his neighbor looking rather cross at him, as he thought, and went over to him prepared to make his peace as best he might, having it in mind to say that he would haul away the stone at his own cost, which would have been an expensive undertaking. He did not propose that at once, however. He went at it another way.

"Good morning, neighbor," said he, "I have been meaning to speak to you about that stone for some time. I suppose it isn't worth anything?"

The suggestion of possible value had its immediate effect on the thrifty Yankee mind, as, perhaps, the diplomat had thought it might.

"Waal yaas, Mr. Phelps, I sh'ld think that that stone might be wuth quite a good deal fer building pup poses."

"I'm glad to know that," said Phelps, "but I can't use it as well as you can. You are entirely welcome to my half of it."

So the result of that interview was peace, and not war.

John Lawson's Money.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

I married Leland Lawson for his money. He had quantities of it, and brought up as I had been to look forward to a wealthy marriage as the only fitting culmination to my social career, I had unhesitatingly accepted him when he asked me to be his wife. But I would make no false pretensions of love to gloss over the barter of my body and soul to the god of mammon, and so told Leland plainly.

When our engagement was announced I was criticised freely. A Van Cortlandt with some of the bluest blood in the land flowing through my veins to marry a son of John Lawson, who openly declared he had worked as a common miner before he had struck the vein in the silver mine out of which had come the stacked up millions. However, I was perfectly indifferent to the opinion of society in general. I knew it too well to have a very high estimation of the value of its censure. When the millions were mine I could soon alter all that.

Our wedding was an imposing spectacle; very touching and impressive to onlookers undoubtedly, but I felt as if I was the principal performer in an up-to-date farce. It was only after the ceremony was over and we had driven away amid a shower of confetti that, looking over at the commonplace man sitting beside me I wondered what my future life would be.

We went over to the Mediterranean for our honeymoon, going first to Algiers and gradually working our way back to Paris. How I did love those first few months!

A wonderful Frenchy, frilly maid was the first use I made of my newly acquired wealth, and only a woman who has had to go out without the aid of one of these wonderful creatures can realize what a joy she was to me. Then Leland was the best of traveling companions. It really was astonishing the amount of general knowledge he possessed; he was continually surprising me as the day when we arrived in Rome and I heard him talking Italian to the hotel porter. I had always thought him absolutely devoid of that education which comprises a knowledge of tongues.

In wondrously beautiful Venice while gliding along the still, dark canals, or out in the broader moonlit waters, I almost fell in love with Leland. If he had been tall and dark I certainly would have succumbed to the foolish passion, but he was just my own height, five-foot-seven, and nondescript, so I dismissed the idea as absurd. But I could not endure his absolute indifference. He was always most considerate and never failed in any of the small attentions I had been accustomed to receive from men of my own class, but he showed not the slightest appreciation of my beauty.

I became terribly lonesome; money was not quite everything. What was the use of spending my days in Paris buying gorgeous frocks and marvelous hats when there was no one to care how I looked. By the time we had been a month in Paris I was desperate. Why had I married Leland? I fancied he actually disliked me, and I did not wonder. What must a man think of a woman who frankly confesses she is marrying him for money? If he had been older, it might have been easier, but we were both young and I knew he had loved me once. Why had I ever been such a fool as to let him know I cared so much for those wretched millions? Of course he would never believe now that I loved him. I used to lie awake at nights wishing that odious money could be lost or stolen so that I could prove my devotion, for there was no doubt about the fact that I passionately adored my own husband. At length one day as we were motoring along the smooth roads outside Paris an idea came to me, and I gave a little gasp of delight, it was all so beautifully simple. A letter to Leland's father explaining everything and asking for the help which I knew the shrewd, kindly old man would never refuse to give. I wrote as soon as we got back to our hotel. A lengthy letter, saying exactly what I wanted and why I needed it.

We went on a motor tour through the chateau district, and daily I fancied Leland regretted more and more his hasty marriage, and I felt more in love than ever with the quiet, thoughtful man whom I was hourly discovering so vastly different from the commonplace, nondescript being I had imagined I was marrying.

My answer came at last, suddenly and unexpectedly, as things eagerly waited for generally do. We were dining in our private dining room when a bellboy entered with a cablegram. Leland took it from him and opened it carefully. As he read the typewritten message a queer, puzzled look came into his dark grey eyes. He said nothing, but handed the pink slip across to me. I read it slowly and thoughtfully. It was brief and to the point:

"Heavy losses B. and S. failed."

"I turned pale, whiter than the lace frock I was wearing. Would he believe it? I hardly dared raise my face to his, for this was the message I had implored Leland's father to send. At length I looked up to meet my husband's eyes fixed on me with a pitying expression.

"Poor little girl," he said gently. "I'm afraid this will be a pretty hard blow to you. I know you only cared for the money when you married me, and if the B. and S. has failed, there won't be very much of it left. It looks rather serious when the Pater wants me home."

I did not know quite what to say. The right words now meant my life's happiness, and I am not ashamed to

say I prayed a tiny prayer that I might speak them.

"Leland," at length I faltered. "Do you still think I care only for the money?"

I waited for a moment breathless, expecting his answer, but as he sat silently looking at the pink slip with a bewildering expression, I continued slowly: "Leland, look at me. I am glad, glad if the B. and S. has failed, and only wish you had not a cent left so that I could make you believe I care for you more than anything on earth."

Slowly those calm grey eyes were raised to my imploring blue ones, and my husband spoke quietly:

"Do you really mean that, Una?" And his voice was almost stern as he said it. "I don't want pity. Do you love me as other women love the men they marry?"

His voice trembled with repressed feeling, and I knew then that Leland loved me, and my heart sang for very joy. I could not speak. No words would come, but he seemed to understand, for abruptly pushing back his chair, he strode over to my side of the table. Unconsciously I rose from my seat, and before I knew how it had happened my husband's arms were round me, and he was whispering those things which every woman hopes to hear at least once in her life.

It was not till we were driving out to the Bois in the still luminous spring night that I found courage to make my confession. "Leland," I said softly, putting my hand on his arm, "will you forgive me, dear, for the deception I practiced on you? That cable was a fraud. The money is all right, for I wrote and asked your father to send that message to help me to show you that I did care for you."

Leland made an inarticulate noise, it sounded like a smothered laugh, and I continued hastily: "You will forgive me, won't you, and believe that I truly do wish that all those millions were at the bottom of the sea?"

There was a moment's silence. Every nerve in my entire body seemed to tremble in an agony of expectation, and then upon the still air burst peal after peal of joyous laughter. Hurt and amazed, I took my hand from its resting place and endeavored to draw back into the farthest corner of the Victoria, but a strong arm held me fast, and my husband's voice said tenderly, "Good Heavens, Una, you don't think I am laughing at you, surely? I was picturing the Pater's face when he receives our letters begging him to cable that his treasured money was lost, for I too thought of that bright idea to try and discover whether you did not care just a little."

RIDING ON THE BELLS.

Spanish Children Have Great Sport in the Cathedral Towers on Fete Days.

On certain fete days the youngsters of Seville, Spain, enjoy themselves in the clock towers of the cathedral, for on such occasions a curious custom permits them to ring the bells, and they do so after their own fashion, in an ingenious and original way.

While the regular bell-ringers repose, these Spanish lads climb up on the bells, throw them forward with all their strength, and ride upon the great masses of metal in their furious swinging to and fro.

Imagine what an uproar is produced when all the bells of a cathedral are being banged about in this manner. Any young man who is able may exercise his skill, and the duration of the ringing depends upon the endurance of the ringers.

The spectacle is very strange of the great bells swinging with one, two or more bold young ringers hanging from them in any attitude which seems to them best adapted to pushing them the farthest and beating out the most noise.

In the Giralda at Seville (says a writer) the first time I witnessed this, the clangor was frightful. When I looked up I thought at first, with a thrill of terror, that some unfortunate was entangled in the bell rope, but I soon found it was a matter of sport.

Another ringer appeared suspended in the air, holding the bell by the ears or the rim, or the wooden framework, and following the swinging rush in all its movements, sometimes feet, sometimes head downward!

Such are the daring young bell-ringers of Seville.

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

Constable Who Is Bound to Bag Motorist Finds a Suitable Pretext.

The motor trap was nicely set, the official stop-watch in perfect order, and the constable alert and ready, as Car No. Y Z entered the measured quarter of a mile, and rushed headlong to a stiff fine and costs.

Half the fatal distance had been covered, when a peripatetic cyclist shouted a warning, and the car slowed down with a jerk until it hardly seemed to move at all. And as it crawled stiffly to the end of the measured quarter the grin on the face of the driver was good to see.

Then out stepped the representative of the law.

"Well, constable, what is it?" said the man at the wheel, beaming at the universe generally.

"I shall have to summon you, sir," said the constable, sternly.

"Summon me? You're joking! You can't summon me for traveling at the rate of five furlongs an hour. Why, there's half a dozen cars behind me whose drivers are fuming because I've been blocking the way."

"Yes, that's it, sir; I must summon you for obstruction!"

Owing to Death of Senator Gorman this Morning Nothing Transpired in the Way of Statehood

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow: Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 74 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1906

NUMBER 68

HOT WEATHER REQUISITES

Two Piece Suits

HAWES
SAILORS

\$2.00
2.50
3.00



GENUINE
PANAMAS

\$5.00
6.50
7.50

Edwin Clapp Low Cuts, \$5.00 and \$5.50

"Our Own Make" Low Cuts, \$3.50 and \$4.00

And Other Styles Down to \$1.50

We Would Like to Show You

Scott-Hoard Co

NEGRO CRIMINALS ARE BECOMING A TERROR

There is danger of the morals of the Chickasaw negroes being ruined by the importation of so many foreign Afro-Americans—as Booker Washington would style them—into the country.

Saturday night the crap game at Stebben's camp, south of town, continued on into the Sunday morning, when Chas Butler entered the game. Jim Moore, the stable boss, gave notice that there had to be a square deal and that no bad money went. Soon after the Butler nigger pulled a big gun and twice shot the stable boss. One shot penetrated the breast at the left nipple, ranged downward and passed through the body. The second shot went through the abdomen and out the back. Moore will likely die. The negro Butler succeeded in reaching Madill on the morning Frisco where, on account of the activity of the Ada marshals he was caught and returned to Ada. Henry Sells, colored, was land

ed in jail Saturday charged with the stabbing of Daniel Blue in side with knife. The crime occurred near Conway. Sell's preliminary trial is held up pending victim's expected death.

Pomp Blue was arrested and jailed Saturday on bench warrant.

There are seven prisoners in jail at present.

Frightful Street Car Wreck.

Providence, R. I., June 4.—Eleven persons are dead, a score seriously and many others slightly injured as the result of the overturning of a crowded electric car at Moores Corner, in East Providence, early Sunday morning. More than a hundred young men and women who had spent the evening at Crescent Park, six miles below the city, were on a chartered car returning to this city and Thornton.

Dr. Bisant, dentist, over Ada National Bank.

JUDGE FURMAN EDIFIES MUSKOGEE DEMOCRACY

Our distinguished fellow townsman, Judge Henry M. Furman, addressed the Muskogee Democratic club last Friday night. The Times Democrat contained the following resume of the speech:

"Mr. Furman held the strict attention of his audience for an hour and a half with an able discussion of public questions and an earnest appeal for thorough and practical organizations of the Democratic party.

"He answered the braggadocio of the Republican party that 'We are the God and Morality Party, the Party of Prosperity,' in such a fine flow of humorous and withering sarcasm as would meet the approval of the severest critic of the administration and brought out a fine comparison of what bureaucracy and Joe Cannonism had brought to Indian Territory in the way of prosperity. He paid a glowing tribute to the power of the press and drew some strong comparisons between the men who pay their 'compliments' to the loyal party press and those who pay for it in

cash, sustain it and stand for it and by it at all times.

"The speaker dwelt at length on the seeds and advantages of a system of primary nominations as against the convulsions and star chamber nominations. He handled the party bosses without gloves and took a vigorous stand against the 'valler dog, brass collar' type of Democracy. In short, his plea to keep the party nomination and the party organization close to the people was both eloquent and vigorous, taking the position that if this was done the Democracy of the new state will be invincible, otherwise defeat and disaster are inevitable.

"The Democratic leaders and workers of Muskogee were there in full force, listened attentively and applauded vigorously, demonstrating that they are in sympathy with him on these questions that vitally point the way to party success or party failure in the state that is soon to be.

"The meeting was undoubtedly of mutual good to the club and the distinguished speaker alike and he will find further welcome in our city in the future."

SUNDAY BALL PLAYING AGITATES PUBLIC MIND

The question of morals and of law in the city of Ada as regards Sunday baseball playing, and how nearly the law under the ordinances under enforcement meets the requirement of correct morals and just where the line of demarcation is as between right conduct and Sunday baseball playing, and whether the present Sunday baseball ordinance is valid, and so forth, are the questions of considerable agitation.

Between Christian and sinner, good citizen and good citizen, priest and preacher, the discussion has waxed warm and furious.

The law will be tested Friday, if valid, it is a dead cinch strict enforcement will result. Here is the ordinance passed under the Parson Drury and Sherwood Hill administration:

ORDINANCE NO. 42.

An ordinance to prevent the playing of baseball, football or any similar out door amusement within the incorporated limits of Ada on the Sabbath day.

Be it ordained by the Town of Ada:

Section 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to play any game of base ball,

foot ball or any similar outdoor game within the incorporated limits of the town of Ada on the Sabbath day, either for money or amusement.

Sec. 2. That any person or persons guilty of violating this ordinance shall be fined in any sum not exceeding \$25.

Sec. 3. That this ordinance shall be in force and effect from and after its passage and publication.

Passed this 3d day of June, 1902.

H. T. Drury, Mayor.
S. W. Hill, Recorder.

Morrison's Funeral.

Special to the Evening News
Konawa, I. T., June 4.—The funeral of A. J. Morrison, who was assassinated Friday night, occurred at Alliance cemetery Sunday afternoon. The procession was the largest ever seen in this section, being about three-quarters of a mile in length. Many relatives and friends from Lexington and the Chickasaw nation were present. The ceremonies were conducted under the auspices of the Woodmen.

The deceased carried \$5,000 insurance Mrs. Morrison has offered \$500 reward for identity of assassin

OUR JUNE SALE

25 Per Cent Discount

Sale On Clothing

COMMENCES

Saturday, June 2

I. HARRIS.

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed.

How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

PAUL W. ALLEN,
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.



INVITE A GIRL
to have a glass of soda and see what she says. If it's a hot day and she says "no" we miss our guess.

ALL GIRLS LOVE SODA.
and it's the business of young gallants to see that they have it. Our soda beats them all. It's delicious, cool, and only 5c. Try it. We also sell Eureka Springs Mineral Water.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some rare bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building, :: 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249. Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$68,500. Ada, Ind., Ter

BOMB THROWER KILLS GUARD THEN SUICIDES

Madrid, June 4.—The capture and suicide Saturday night at Torrejon de Ardos of Manuel Morales, the chief suspect in the bomb outrage against King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, adds another dramatic chapter to the incidents surrounding the royal wedding.

Morales was recognized in the little town of Torrejon de Ardos, midway between Madrid and Alcala. A guard sought to de-

tain him, but Morales, drawing a revolver, shot the guard dead. Then he turned to flee, but a number of inhabitants of the town were upon him and turning the revolver upon himself he sent a shot in the region of his heart, expiring a few minutes later. Senor Cuesca, proprietor of the hotel from the balcony of which Morales threw the bomb, viewed the body and completely identified it as that of his recent guest.

NEXT STATEHOOD MOVE WILL BE THE SENATE'S

Washington, June 4.—The conference report on the statehood bill, which was brought into the House and Senate Saturday afternoon, now makes the issue dependent on the result of the contest in the Senate. The contest is to be today, for Mr. Foraker will move that the report be rejected and a new conference committee be appointed. Mr. Beveridge has expressed himself as confident that the report will

be accepted; Mr. Foraker says he is certain it will be rejected.

Undoubtedly there are several senators who voted with Mr. Foraker when the bill was under consideration before who are now disposed to accept the compromise. At least three of this kind have announced their purpose to accept the compromise, but Mr. Foraker, excluding these, asserts there will be forty-nine votes in favor of the motion to reject the report.

ADA EVENING NEWS.
OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second Class Matter March 28, 1904, at the Postoffice at
Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1869.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

INTENSIVE FARMING.
Under the above caption the Oklahoma City Oklahoman takes as
an editorial text the remarkable strawberry yield described re-
cently in the News and proceeds to generalize as follows:

"Instances of the wonderful productivity of Greater Oklahoma
soil and the profitability of intensive farming are continually com-
ing to light.

"The Ada Daily News tells of a farmer of that vicinity who, in
March a year ago, paid \$25 for 6,000 strawberry plants and planted
them on an acre of land, and who has already picked and marketed
3,840 quarts which have netted him \$420.

It is likely that thousands of such instances could be recited in
any single season, showing the splendid results from intensive
farming in this new country were knowledge of all at hand. At
any rate, it is well known that every successful farmer who tries his
hand at truck growing in either Territory, or engages in what might
be called intensive use of the soil, has reaped enormous profits.

"No country on earth is better adapted to this kind of farming
than Greater Oklahoma. Both the soil and climate combine to ap-
proach as near ideal conditions as can be found in any other region.

"The advantages of this kind of farming over the old system is
that markets are generally better and the harvest more certain.
The years are exceptions rather than the rule when there are not
big profits found in it

"Where land is so cheap and plentiful the old system is followed
almost exclusively because it involves less work and generally yields
satisfactory returns. But the day is rapidly approaching when the
rich valleys of this new region are going to be devoted largely to
truck growing. There is more money in it than in the production
of wheat, corn or cotton upon the same and an absence of uncertain-
ty in yield which will be better appreciated as the years roll by.

A CITIZEN TO BE PROUD OF.

The city of Ada should be, and is, proud of her Furman. He is
widely recognized as one of the foremost statesmen of the two ter-
ritories. Universally known as a leading exponent of just, right-
eous government, naturally he is in great demand as an expounder
of genuine democracy. In the organization of the new State his
services will be needed, the people will want him and undoubtedly
will be glad to confer upon him any political honors within their
gift.

STRANGE SAVAGE CUSTOM
Weird Tribal Ceremony of the Natives
of the Anglo-Abyssinian
Boundary.

Some remarkable tribal customs are
reported by an expedition sent into
the comparatively unknown countries
between the Abyssinian capital and
the northwest of Lake Rudolf, in the
neighborhood of the Anglo-Abyssinian
boundary.

While the expedition was fitting out
at Maji, the Abyssinian post in the
southwest, the local Shankalla king
died. He was sewn up in a fresh hide
bag in a sitting position and placed
on the floor of his hut, which stood in
a clearing in the forest, and from
miles around his subjects came to the
lying in state.

The ground of the clearing was of
hard beaten clay. All round were
thick rows of huge "gogo" palms, and
on one side four spacious, well
thatched huts and a curious mound,
probably sacrificial. By the side of
the huts thousands of cow bells, sweet
in tone as those in a Swiss upland
valley, were hung on rude trestles and
swung backwards and forwards by
bands of women under the direction
of an old witch.

The hard, level flooring of the clear-
ing shook under the feet of hundreds
of naked warriors, chanting a wild
song of death, now advancing in a
rhythmic rush, now retreating and
leaving two of their number in the
open, who, with their 12-foot spears
held horizontally just over their
shoulders, the shafts quivering like a
snake before it strikes, danced a wild
war dance, keeping time to the chant
of the chorus.

When the din grew louder the
crowd surged round the dead king's
hut, suddenly parted, and through the
lane thus formed dashed a gleaming
figure, adorned with a leopard skin,
orange colored ostrich feathers, beads,
and bands of copper and brass and
ivory round his neck and arms.

Three times he rushed round the
clearing, followed by the shouting,
singing warriors, and then disap-
peared as quickly as he had come.
The new king had been chosen.

Watch Speaks Time.
A Swiss watchmaker has invented a
watch which speaks the time from a
tiny phonograph. A very small hard
rubber plate has the vibrations of the
human voice imprinted on it, and is
actuated by clockwork, so that at a
given time the articulation is made
indicating the hour. The utterance
is sufficiently strong to be heard 20
feet away. It is possible by means of
a device of this kind to combine senti-
ment with utility, as the vibrations
may be made by any clear voice, and
the watch may tell him the time
in tones of wife or children.

AMERICAN ARTISTS ABROAD
Their Merit Recognized and Reward-
ed Earlier Than It Is at
Home.

Once more an American artist's pic-
ture holds the place of honor at the
exhibition of the Royal Academy in
London. Sargent had attained that
honor; now it is Abbey's turn, with a
picture distinctly American in subject,
representing Columbus landing in the
new world. Several other well-known
American artists figure among the no-
table exhibitors. In the two annual
picture shows now open in Paris, the
same fact is true, reports the New
York World.

American artists frequently complain,
as do singers and musicians, that the
surest way to distinction at home is
recognition abroad. The protest im-
plies that merit is not so readily ac-
cepted here as merit is in France
and England.

The distinction attained by Sargent
in London has done more than all his
early successors in this country to as-
sure his preeminence. The same may
be said to be true of Abbey, although
fame came to him easy as an illustra-
tor. Something may be due to the cir-
cumstance that for years both have
done most of their work abroad. Be-
yond a doubt, however, art is viewed
far more hospitably in Paris and Lon-
don than in New York. We have yet
no art exhibitions that occupy so large
a place in popular life as the regular
shows of the two foreign capitals.

It is noteworthy also that more con-
temporary American artists have room
in the Luxembourg museum, where liv-
ing painters must await admission to
the Louvre, than in our own Metropoli-
tan. The Paris list counts about 25,
among them Whistler, Sargent, Win-
slow Homer, La Farge, Alexander Har-
rison, Henry Mosler, Walter MacEwen,
Carl Melchers, Miss Cassatt, Edwin L.
Weeks and H. O. Tanner.

Under the old management American
artists were treated with suspicion at
the Metropolitan. It was sometimes
difficult to get their works through the
museum's doors even as gifts.

Fortunate, all that is being rapidly
changed. Sir Purdon Clarke advocates
the necessity of building up a repre-
sentative American collection. Mr.
George A. Hearn has donated a large
fund, of which the income is reserved
for the purchase of American works.
It is a curious commentary on Ameri-
can taste that it was not until a fore-
ign director was put in charge of the
Metropolitan that American artists
were promised something of the same
public recognition they receive from
the French government.

TURKEY WITH WOODEN LEG

Tale of a Gobbler That Smacks Some-
what of the Munchausen
Flavor

In most communities there are cer-
tain persons who possess peculiar
characteristics, habits and beliefs, and
this is true of the long shore sports-
man of the old Mother State as of per-
sons dwelling elsewhere, says Forest
and Stream.

Many of the old time sportsmen still
carry and use their muzzle loading
guns, which cannot be displaced by
more modern arms. They usually
manage to bag a good many birds and
other game, and this is chiefly due,
it is believed, to their knowledge of
the habits of the game. They seldom
go out without finding something.

A story is told of one gunner who
if any of the shot should fall from his
hands while loading his gun will at
once return home and make no further
effort to hunt that day, believing as
he says, that those lost were his luck
shot, and it would be useless for him
to continue the hunt.

Another, whom I will call here Capt.
Pete, is a sailor and all round sports-
man. He loves to tell of his adventures
with his dogs and gun, and is seldom
seen without them. He tells many
stories about the accuracy of Sweet
Lips, his gun, and declares he can
beat any man "a-shootin'" for a turkey
in the United States of Virginia.

On the occasion of a turkey hunt
near the Rappahannock river Capt.
Pete claims to have shot a 40-pound
wild turkey, for which he was offered
\$4 cash. The gray whiskers on the
turkey's breast were 18 inches long,
and he had one wooden leg. Here
Capt. Pete gives a laugh that could be
heard a half mile away. "Sar, he was
the biggest turkey I ever saw. There
were 18 fellows in the bunch of us,
and four others besides, and all ate a
sumptuous meal from one-half of his
breast."

Uncle Pete says he cannot account
for that one wooden leg unless that
turkey had been previously owned by
some one as a pet wild turkey.

Natural Arm Chair.
A gardener in Korea has formed a
natural arm-chair by twisting a grow-
ing vine to the required shape. It is
also studded with seeds of the gingko
tree, which have grown into the fiber
of the vine. After the chair was fash-
ioned in this way it was cut from
the ground, dried and polished until
it resembled mahogany. It is 3
feet 4 inches high, 25 inches wide
and weighs over 100 pounds.

Banquet in a Coal Mine.
Lord Northcote, governor general of
Australia, was entertained to a ban-
quet in a coal mine at Newcastle, New
South Wales. The banqueting hall
was 300 feet below the surface.

No Student of Shakespeare.
"What is your favorite play?" asked
the girl who quoted Shakespeare.
"Well," answered the youth with
long hair, "I believe I like to see a
man steal second as well as anything."
—Washington Star.

A Fine Assortment
Of Refrigerators, the best made, icecream freezers, the very best, fruit jars, all sizes, wire screen doors, wire screen cloth,
The New Process Gasoline Stoves and Ranges.
The Best of All.
For Sale by R. E. HAYNES The Hardware Merchant
Opposite Citizens National Bank.
Prices Are Right. ADA, I. T.

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Through Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and
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Road of a Thousand Wonders
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beautiful illustrated literature and other infor-
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You should take advantage of the
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TO
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For the Occasion of the
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Oklahoma City, Okla.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A.,
Wichita, Kansas.

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When you have occasion to
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would in buying anything else.
Assure yourself in advance of
what you may expect in the way
of comfort and convenience en
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The Missouri, Kansas and
Texas Railroad
with through trains (over its own
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and Galveston in the south, offers
a ready solution to the vexed
question—"How to go!"
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write me. I'll gladly give you the in-
formation and if possible have my rep-
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EAST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 510 Meteor, 4:45 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 8:45 p. m.
WEST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 509 Meteor, 7:55 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 7:15 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.
Local freight trains carry
passengers provided with per-
mits. Ten per cent saved on the
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I. McNair, Agent.
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Hannibal,
Kansas City,
Junction City,
Oklahoma City,
In the North,
and all points beyond.
Houston,
Dallas,
Fort Worth,
San Antonio,
Galveston,
in Texas,
and all points beyond.
NORTH BOUND.
No. 113 Express, daily, 3:55 p. m.
No. 544 Local, except Sunday, 12:15 a. m.
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 111 Express, daily, 11:10 a. m.
No. 543 Local, except Sunday, 1:55 p. m.

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Actual Photographs
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LOCAL NEWS

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Try the News for job work.

Mrs. W. P. Doss is visiting relatives in Ardmore.

J. C. Sparger returned from a trip to Bonham.

Sam Torbett left for St. Louis this afternoon.

Dr. B. H. Erb, dentist, Henley & Biles building. Phone No. 1. 233 tf

Miss Sam Carter returned today to Leonard, Texas, after a visit with relatives in the city.

Wedding invitations—late styles—turned out at the News office.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Van Horn left Sunday for Denison where they will make their future home.

J. E. Coulson, the busy merchant of Francis, was in Ada between trains Monday morning.

W. H. Heck, good citizen, formerly of Ada will return to Vinita this evening after a two days visit with friends.

G. L. Carroll returned to Ardmore today after a short visit with his daughters, Mrs. Richard Simpson and Miss Annie Carroll.

To those who have had a photo made of their home for News' Souvenir Album, may obtain some of the photos at a great reduced price of the Peerless Portrait Co. 39 tf

In Mayor's Court.

The city court was engaged Monday afternoon in the trial of Nightwatchman Will Bailey for fighting Lee Gaar. The case was not completed as we go to press.

A Sunday Marriage.

Mr. Charlie Russell and Miss Ora Lucile Crow, popular young people living about two miles south of town, were married Sunday afternoon in North Ada, the Rev. Y. Coleman officiating. Mr. Russell is a progressive, thrifty young farmer; the bride a most estimable young woman. The News extends its felicitations.

Stone Shot McLaughlin.

Sunday morning between Center and Midland at a railroad camp a man by the name of Stone shot another railroad man by the name of McLaughlin. The calibre of the gun was a 3x Colt's Automatic. A slight flesh wound resulted. The man's life was saved on account of the bullet striking his watch. The trouble occurred over a dispute concerning time.

Konawa Editor.

W. H. Hoffman, the genial editor of the Chief-Leader of Konawa, was in Ada Monday to meet his sister who will arrive from Texas this evening. Editor Hoffman says Konawa is outstripping Ada in present building. The Konawa National Bank has let a contract for a \$10,000 bank building. There will begin the erection soon of several additional stone and brick buildings. Tony Keller will erect a \$3,000 dwelling house.

Marriage Licenses.

Saturday afternoon licence to marry was issued to W. B. Walker, aged 32, and Mrs. Annie McSpae age, 19. Deputy Clerk Constant, in his usual polished and acceptable manner, performed the ceremony. Monday morning T. M. Bradley, son of Dr. P. C. Bradley of Stenewall, accompanied by the News' friend, Buck Marshall, secured license to marry Miss Kate Fullerton, the daughter of the well known citizen of Ada, Tom Fullerton. They will be married Wednesday.

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man.

Night Watchmen Fights.

Saturday night Nightwatchmen Culver and Bailey arrested J. L. Keys, alleged to have committed a nasty little crime at one of the depots. When they were nearing the calaboose Lee Gaar advanced and is said to have offered to make bond for the prisoner. They returned to Nolen's drug store where Keys was left in charge of Watchman Bailey while Culver went after blank bond. During the wait it is said Gaar and Keys, unsuspected by Bailey as to intent, went to the rear of the store and Keys pulled his freight. Gaar returned to the store presently and when Culver returned with the blank bond Gaar refused to execute it. During an argument concerning his agreement to sign it the lie was passed and a fight ensued. The reporter did not ascertain who got the best of it. It is said that although Watchman Bailey is a little thin he put up a heavyweight scrap. After the first round Gaar landed on Bailey when he was arrested by Culver. Bonds were made.

M. K. T. Special

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 11th 12th and 13th, \$20.55.

Mexico City, Mex., Aug. 15th to Sept. 1st, \$38.00.

Galveston, Tex., June 1st to Sept. 30th, \$18.90.

Round trip rates From Ada I. T.:

St. Paul, Minn., May 28 to 31, \$26.85.

San Francisco, Cal., June 25 to July 7, \$52.

Mexico City, Mexico, June 25 to July 7, \$40.

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 10 to 15, \$24.85.

Portland, Ore., June 18 to 22, \$47.55.

Springfield, Ill., May 31 to June 1 and 2, \$21.00.

Omaha, Neb., July 10 to 13, \$17.10.

Denver, Col., July 10 to 15, \$23.70.



C. F. Orchard,
Agent.

Tornado at Mounds

Mounds, I. T., June 4.—A small tornado struck half a mile south of town, 150 yards wide and two miles long. Its course was northeast. The residence of a farmer, W. S. Moorman, was demolished. Moorman and his wife were away visiting. A hired man, Jim Goldspin, was dangerously injured. Trees were uprooted and outbuildings of other farmers torn to pieces.

Excavating Ancient Theater.

Verona, in Italy, is now completing the excavation of its Roman theater, a work which was begun in 1834. It is built in a semicircle. It dates from the time of Augustus Caesar and was lavishly decorated with marbles from Greece, Africa and Asia. The theater was formed of huge steps of granite above which were rows of private boxes, one of which stands in its original position, in excellent preservation, and with the name of the owner carved on it. Above the tiers of private boxes rose the places where the plebeians were seated and from where they looked down on to the stage or away to the water jousts on the river.

Physiological Facts.

A person's eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest vibration of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right.

City-Bred Children.

A London scientist says that life in a metropolis makes young children sharp but not clever; that it often destroys their chance of ever being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally; it makes them superficial, alert, but not observant; excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm; they are apt to grow blasé, fickle, discontented; they see more things than the country-bred child, but not such interesting things; and they do not properly see anything, for they have neither the time nor capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives.

His Defense.

"You are charged with beating your wife while drunk. What have you to say?"
"Your honor, had I been sober my wife would have beaten me."—N. Y. Press.

Souvenir Views.

Below we give a partial list of half-tone views which will be found in our handsome Souvenir Album. The cuts are made from actual photographs, printed in Sepia ink on fine calendared paper. This work of art will show Ada and Ada country to the world as she has never been shown before. If your residence, office or business does not show in this list see us at once, before it is too late:

Two interiors Harris hotel.
Several fine street scenes.
Parnell's 30-acre orchard.
Presbyterian church.
Baptist church.
New Methodist church.
Christian church.
Cumberland Pres. church.
North side school building.
South side school building.
Wilson lumber yard.
Ada fire department.
First National bank building.
Ada Citizens "
Kyle's busses and barn.
Ada ice plant.
Sledge & Tolbert lumber yard.
Carney's livery barn.
Branding stock cattle.
Picking cotton.
Wheat threshing.
Chopping cotton.
Three views of cotton oil mill.
Three views of light plant.
Strawberries, 5 1/2 inches in cir.
Sorosis club.
XXth Century club.
Ada flouring mill.
P C swine, F Haddleston.
Berkshire swine, C W Floyd.
P C swine, Daniel Hayes.
Duncan block.
United States officials at Ada.
Int. Haynes' h'dw're store.
" Crawford & Bolen office.
" Surprise store.
" Ramsey's drug store.
" Cox-Greer dry goods store.
" Mason drug store.
" Powers' hardware store.
" Browall & Faust's office.
" Dr. Martin's office.
" Ada Fur & Coflin Co store.
" Webb & Ennis' law office.
" Duke Stone's law office.
" Crowder's barber shop.
" Epperson & Dean's office.
" L C Andrews' law office.
" Duncan's furniture store.
Residence of S M Torbett.
" J B Tolbert.
" H M Furman.
" A M Croxton.
" John Beard.
" E W Hardin.
" Dr Martin.
" Dr McMillan.
" A H Constant.
" J F M Harris.
" U G Winn.
" R W Simpson.
" Dr Hodges.
" B A Mason.
" Dr Brents.
" Jno L Barringer.
" Dr Nolen.
" Dr Shands.
" Frank Jones.
" Dr Browall.
" Tom Hope.
" C M Chauncey.
" M B Donaghey.
" W C Graves.
" T J Little.
" Frank Jackson.
" L T Walters.
" J H Dorland.
" C W Floyd.
" R W Allen.
" J T Bowers.
" W G Broadfoot.
" W W Sledge.
" L C Andrews.
" J L Miles.

Celebrate Tenth Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Alexander, with the assistance of a number of invited guests, celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary Saturday evening.

The house and porches were brilliantly lighted and the guests enjoyed an evening they will not soon forget. Games of caricature were indulged in and much merriment resulted.

At 10:30 the Rev. Rippey announced that the bonds of wedlock would again be tied and after reading the scriptural marriage ceremony and a fervent prayer was said, the company was served with a delicious luncheon.

Many handsome and useful presents of tin and granteaware were received and after an inspection of these the guests departed wishing Mr. and Mrs. Alexander many returns of the tenth anniversary.

Frisco.

Summer tourist rates to points in the Southwest. Rate, one and one-fifth fare for round trip. Tickets on sale June 1st to September 30th. Final limit October 31st, 1906. This rate applies to many points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. Call and get particulars.

I. McNair, Agent,
Ada, I. T.

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WANTS

FOR RENT:—Two nice front office rooms in Little building. Apply to T. J. Little. 6t 68

NOTICE:—Those for whom I pasture livestock in field east of Katy railroad are notified that I will not pay pound fees after stock is delivered home each evening. I solicit your patronage. 3t 61
Fred Gay.

FOR SALE:—Two cars of one and two year old mules, gentle, good colors, out of good mares. Will make 15 to 16 hand mules when grown. 57-20t 10tw-7
J. H. Roper,
Itasca, Hill County, Texas.

FOR SALE OR RENT:—Nice six room residence, Daggs Addition. tf 56
U. G. Winn.

Snappy Ball Games.

In the base ball tilts Saturday and Sunday between the Sacred Heart and Ada teams each scored a victory. In the first game Ada won by a score of 5 to 3. But the tables turned Sunday afternoon and the visitors had the best of it throughout the five innings, at the end of which the game was called off on account of the terrific rain which came up. The score stood 3 to 0. Two of these runs were due to a fumble of a grounder by the home infield followed by a costly wild throw to first.

But altogether both games were fine exhibitions of ball and the teams are beautifully matched. The Sacred Heart boys are a gentlemanly set and are always welcome in Ada.

June 11th, 12th and 13, Frisco will sell tickets to Louisville, Ky. and return at rate \$25.45. Tickets will be limited 30 days for the return. Side trip tickets will be sold from Louisville to all other points in the state of Kentucky at very low rates on June 16th, 17th and 18th. Call and get particulars. I. McNair, Agent.

THE EVILS OF CONSTIPATION.

Everyone Knows When He is Constipated and Everyone Should Know the Risk He is Running When He Fails to Promptly Correct it.

Any Disease Epidemic or Otherwise to Which He or She May be Exposed is Sure to Result Seriously.

There are two ways to remove constipation; the wrong way is to drench the bowels with a powerful, gripping, drastic cathartic that injures the coating of the bowel channels and produces an early return of the trouble in a more chronic form. The right way is to use a natural, easy and mild laxative that tones up and strengthens the bowels and leaves a healthful influence behind it. Prickly Ash Bitters will empty the bowels just as thoroughly as the harsher cathartics, and combines all the tonic and strengthening properties necessary to permanently cure the habit.

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine Prickly Ash Bitters with the large figure 8 in red on the front label.
Sold Everywhere. Price \$1.00.



R. L. McGUYRE, Phone No. 193.

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Correct Neat Abstracts of Title at Reasonable Prices
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First Class Work Guaranteed
Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.

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of any plant in this Territory.

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Wholesale and Retail Buggies

The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices

We carry a full line of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Your Patronage Solicited

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Geo. A. Truitt,

Engineer and Land Surveyor

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Prompt and Careful Attention

Given to All Work

Entrusted.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Use Big G for unsanitary discharges, in inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CHICAGO, ILL. U. S. A.

The NICKEL STORE

Where You Save Money on Everything.

Look Look Look

A full size dinner plate and white metal knife and fork, all for only 5c, with 25c worth of other goods SATURDAY. One set to a customer.

Household and Kitchen Utensils.

Cups and saucers, 50c values, a set 39c.

Dinner plates, 50c values, a set 35c.

8 inch platters, 15c values, each 10c.

7 inch oval meat dishes, 15c values, each 10c.

Fine American China cups and saucers, decorated, \$1.25 values, per set 75c.

Dinner sets of the same goods, a set 75c.

White granite milk pitchers, 29c, 35c, 44c.

A few mentionings from our

Hardware Specials

Padlocks, 10c, 15c, 20c and 25c.

Common door locks, complete with knobs, 25c.

3 inch coat and hat hooks, per dozen 15c.

Whet stones, 5c, 10c.

Fine Austrian razor hones, 25c, 35c, 45c.

Cobbler's outfit for mending shoes, lasts, hammer, etc., 59c.

Smoothing irons, No. 5, 25c; No. 6, 30c; No. 7, 35c; No. 8, 40c.

Mrs. Potts' nickel plated set of 3 irons costs you 90c.

Coffee mills, good quality, box mills, 45c.

Perforated chair seats, each with tacks, 9c.

Good steel nail hammers, 39c.

Tack hammers, 5c, 10c.

Screen door springs, good ones, each 5c.

Matting tacks, 3 boxes for 5c.

500 count carpet tacks, per box 5c.

Shoe tacks, brass plated, 1 pound boxes, 5c.

Carriage or plow bolts, each 1c.

Handsaws from 50c up to Henry Disston's D 8 grade, which is \$1.50.

Files, first class hand-saw files, slim taper, 3 1/2 inch, 4 inch, 4 1/2 inch, each 5c.

First class flat files, 8 inch, 10c; 10 inch, 15c; 12 inch, 20c.

Scissors, or shears from 5c to 98c.

Razors, Clauss make, absolutely guaranteed, \$1.

Fruit jars, Ball, Mason's, well we sell them so cheap we believe no one complains at the price.

Bambo Fishing Poles, 10c each, Fish Hooks and Lines to numerous to mention, but we sell them right.

Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

J. M. Shaw, Prop

New location on Main Street third door west of Hallway's corner.

Phone 77.

The Peacemaker.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The opportunities for flirtations at family hotels are proverbial, and it has been remarked by those in a position to know that they are freely availed of. Anyway this was true at the Wilmontic, where a select coterie of the smart set were domiciled at a price per week which enabled the landlord to lose shocking sums at the racetracks.

The starting point was invariably the hour or two after dinner, when the guests idled in the great parlors, listened to the orchestra and filled each other with envy at their new gowns and jewels. It was here that Beardsly first noted what a deucedly fine woman Mrs. Drayton was. Be it said, however, that he noted it only casually, and in the most discreet manner. But it came to be quite a habit for him to hang over her chair for a few moments each evening and indulge in a few gallantries. It caused no comment, however, as Beardsly was well known to be thoroughly in love with his wife—a most ridiculous thing for a man who had been married three years and was living at the Wilmontic. But then Mrs. Beardsly was a remarkably pretty woman, with her blue eyes and golden hair, and the other men did not wonder at all. So it was recognized that Beardsly's attentions to Mrs. Drayton were wholly innocent and inspired entirely by a social and friendly impulse. And then, of course, everybody at the Wilmontic understood that all men admire dashing and handsome and sparkling women and are entitled, even compelled, to give expression to such admiration.

But after a time a change was noticed in the character of Beardsly's devotion to the dark widow, and the gossips—for there were gossips, strange to say, at the Wilmontic—began to look knowingly and shake their heads and sniff the air as though they had caught the scent of a new scandal. Mrs. Drayton herself noted the change in Beardsly's attitude first of all, and was somewhat flattered, somewhat puzzled and a trifle alarmed.

He sought her side every evening after dinner and remained there until the company dispersed for the opera, the receptions or the ball. And his attentions changed. He no longer looked into her eyes with mild gallantry, but with a burning admiration which sent the blood to her cheeks—as experienced and well-controlled as was her heart. And his words changed from trite and meaningless pleasantries to expressions through whose veil she could see the threat of pursuit.

Mrs. Drayton was not a woman to dodge such an issue or to fear it. In fact, it was a game in which she was thoroughly experienced. Had it been Chalmers or Phelps or McIntosh she would have understood it and welcomed the contest. But Beardsly—it puzzled her and made her a trifle afraid. He grew persistent and managed to get to her side at box parties and dinners and automobile parties and all sorts of places. The gossips began to watch them more closely—and to whisper. She guessed, however, with her woman's instinct, that there was more to the situation than a mere passion of a man for a woman. So she purred and waited and watched. She was exceedingly discreet, and while not repelling Beardsly in the least, sent him away from her time after time when she saw that the eyes of the gossips were upon them and that the situation threatened to become compromising. But she did it all with such adroitness that Beardsly instead of being offended was the more fascinated.

The crisis came one evening when Beardsly leaned over her chair and whispered some things to her which were unmistakable.

A slight flush came to Mrs. Drayton's face.

"You are a married man, Mr. Beardsly," she said with some dignity.

"Yes, but—" Beardsly began fiercely. But his voice died away, and he did not finish the sentence.

Mrs. Drayton waited patiently. She knew the hour had come.

Beardsly stood silent for a moment, then said in a clear, self-controlled voice:

"Her interest is elsewhere; I am a mere incident with her. I have the right also to form other attachments."

Mrs. Drayton smiled inscrutably. After all it was not her charms which attracted Beardsly, but the repulsion of another woman which drew him to her side. "Not so flattering to me," she thought grimly. "But rather more creditable to him."

Then with the adroitness of a clever woman she drew him out—not by questions, of course, but by opportunities for him to talk. And he told her his trouble—the trouble she had known all along she would learn eventually. She let him do it despite the fact that the eyeglasses of a dozen of the worst of the gossips were upon them.

It seemed that some weeks previously he had arrived home at an unusual early hour and had stepped quickly through his own room, throwing off his overcoat and hat, and entering his wife's room, which was connected by a door, intending to surprise her with a lover's kiss. As he stepped in he was paralyzed to see her standing near the other door connected with the outer hall, her arms about the neck of a tall young fellow, who kissed her, turned and went out. He had retired at once quietly to his own apartment to think, and his thinking had resulted in the conviction that she had tired of him and that there was no use of violence or crimination, which could not restore her love but merely make a scandal.

"Hence," thought Mrs. Drayton, smiling to herself, "you came to me to save your wounded dignity."

What Beardsly said, however, was this:

"And, after all, I thought, what did it matter when your eyes had smiled into mine and there might be a chance for me—here?"

The widow was doing some very fast thinking. She was a very astute and observing woman as well as a dashing and attractive widow and she knew in her heart that Mrs. Beardsly was as much in love with her big, sturdy, easy-going husband as he was with her. Hence, she reasoned, there must be some mistake. What it was, she did not know, but she did know she could easily find out if she gave her mind to it.

Then came the tempter. Beardsly was a fine big fellow with a heart like an open book, and an ample fortune, and Mrs. Beardsly had snubbed her upon several occasions. Beardsly was hers if she wanted him. Then she made her decision—and sent him away, aware that they had been the object of most of the conversation in the room during the past quarter of an hour.

"Why so cold?" grumbled Beardsly two evenings later as he sought a seat beside Mrs. Drayton on the green plush tete-a-tete in the far corner of the south parlor.

"I have been thinking," replied Mrs. Drayton softly.

"That's bad—produces wrinkles," replied Beardsly. "I haven't been able to have a word with you since Tuesday evening."

"I have been thinking," pursued Mrs. Drayton calmly, "that you owe it to yourself and to Mrs. Beardsly to let her know that you were spying on her and—"

"Spying!" exclaimed Beardsly, leaping to his feet with a suddenness which attracted every eye in the room.

"—And what you saw," went on the widow smiling up at him inscrutably, "you owe it to your own dignity and to her."

"But," responded Beardsly, bewildered, but—

"There is no but about it," replied Mrs. Drayton. "Go and do it and then come to me."

"It'll make a deuced awkward scene," expostulated Beardsly, but the widow waved him away and summoned Phelps with a lift of her eyebrow.

The next evening as the guests entered the parlor after dinner Beardsly brushed past Mrs. Drayton and paused to whisper:

"It's all right. It was her brother who ran away from home and doesn't want his father to know where he is until he makes good. So he came to see her and send word to his mother. You're a wise counsellor, Mrs. Drayton."

Then he hurried in after his wife, by whose side he clung all the evening with loverlike ardor.

Mrs. Drayton went for a promenade with Phelps, wearing her inscrutable smile—albeit there was just a suggestion of weariness about the corners of her mouth.

Friends of the Beardslys and Mrs. Drayton may remember that Mrs. Beardsly never spoke to Mrs. Drayton after that, and the gossips said they did not blame her, after the shameless way she carried on with Beardsly. They may not know, however, that Mrs. Drayton was not at all surprised or put out because she knows human nature.

"If I had made all the trouble I might," she said sagely to herself, "they would all be pitying Kitty, and I would have had her profound respect. But the peacemaker is always impossible."

TRIP TO BUENOS AYRES.

From New York It Takes Thirty Days or More Under Favorable Circumstances.

There is no direct passenger service to Chili or the River Plata from the United States. Passengers from New York, for example, wishing to get to Buenos Ayres must either take passage to Rio de Janeiro and there transship to one of the European lines touching at that port en route to the south, or they must cross the Atlantic and transship in some European port to a steamer sailing to Buenos Ayres.

If they wish to get to Chili they may go via the Isthmus of Panama, suffering the inconvenience of transfer to the Panama railroad and to one of the west coast steamship lines; or they may go to Rio de Janeiro or Montevideo and there transship to a steamer of the Pacific Steam Navigation company's line running through the straits to Valparaiso; or they may go to Liverpool or Hamburg and there take steamer direct to Valparaiso.

When the European steamship lines respond, as they will do shortly, to the Argentine government's offer of subsidies for quick service, the passage from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres will be reduced to 15 days. This will make the journey to Valparaiso during the summer months, when the Andes passes are open, 17 or 18 days; and during the winter months about 25 to 30 days.

The trip from New York to Buenos Ayres, with transfer at Rio de Janeiro, occupies at least 23 days, if close connection is made at Rio, with a sailing once a month only from New York. From New York to Valparaiso the quickest possible time would be about 25 days via Buenos Ayres during the summer months (December to April), with close connection at both Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres. The voyage via Panama takes 28 or 30 days under favorable circumstances, but is most likely to require 35 days.

The Blue Eyes Of Ethel.

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Although I am a serious minded man, I trust I can tolerate, and even indulge in, moderate levity at times. Ethel says I can and she, if anyone does, should know.

For months before I met her at the graduating reception of my class in college, I had heard of her as being "a mighty pretty girl." Now if there was one thing which I then held in utter scorn, it was a pretty girl. I carried Franklin's saying of "handsome is that handsome does" to the extreme—and beyond, if I may be permitted the expression, I held that feminine plainness and virtue walked hand in hand, and that no girl who was pretty could also be fitted for the pedestal on which my ideal was raised. So you see Ethel Elwell won no anti-acquaintance homage from me on account of her being acknowledged pretty.

At the reception, however, we were forced into each other's company. Most of the fellows except me, happened to be either engaged or head over heels in love and there was a prevalent opinion, I afterward learned, that the man who had won the highest honors in the class of 'Ought-Two ought to have some claim upon the belle of the reception, which Ethel undoubtedly was.

I made a frank acknowledgment to her at the outset.

"As we are to be neighbors at our summer houses up in the Old Granite State this year, we ought to be acquainted, but I promise not to keep you from your conquest of hearts. You must on the other hand, count me as an immune. I have never yet seen the woman I could love, though I have many friends among your sex. I promise, then, not to fall in love with you, and you of course don't have to say you won't fall in love with me. That goes without saying. Now let's be friends and friends only!"

For the smallest fraction of a second the blue eyes of Ethel looked into mine, and then drooped shyly under their silken fringes. Although, as I said, I am a serious minded man, I felt the queerest sensation about my temples I had ever known. It was like being under fire for the first time.

Ethel extended her hand, quite the prettiest I have ever seen—small, white, and delicate beyond expression.

"Thank you," she exclaimed in a low, frank voice. "I am so tired of the men who fall in love with me. I tell you the simple truth when I say you are the first—the very first—who has promised to be only a friend. You can't think now exceedingly refreshing it is!"

As we adjourned to our summer residences in Hudson the next week, we saw much of each other after that. There was canoeing on the liquid silver of the Merrimack and there was golf among the hills, which looked as if they might have served as tees for the Titans of old.

The last day came, the day when I was forced to end my vacation. Ethel and I sat in the twilight on the veranda of "River Rest," as the Elwell cottage was called. We occupied opposite ends of the same willow seat.

"And we're still friends," I said elatedly. "Ethel"—I called her that in the spirit of true comradeship—"you can't tell how much that means to me!"

"I did not suppose that the valedictorian of his class at college would care for even the friendship of a girl like me!" she answered in such a tone that I even began to think Ethel might be serious, though I had seldom seen her in such a mood.

I steeled myself at the thought that she might be playing with me as she had played with others. I resolved that the fish who had escaped her net through a season's angling should not be drawn into its meshes at the close. I resolved to change the subject.

"What is your program for to-morrow?" I asked lightly.

"Boating, fishing, golfing, tennis," she quoted from the prospectus of the nearby hotel.

"With Hartley Grady?" I inquired.

Grady had been a favorite of her's when I wasn't around—which was seldom.

"Yes, I suppose he and I will have to strike up a comradeship for September."

This didn't please me, though I couldn't have told why. At college I'd always thought Grady a fine fellow, and I was puzzled at the sudden aversion I felt to him. Yet not for the world would I have said a word against him. To malign a man without evidence and just cause is the act of a cad.

"What time are you going west?" I queried. There was a Californian trip in prospect, and I wondered how soon she'd get away from Grady. A surprise was in store for me.

"Papa says the Grady's are going with us. I expect, from what he says we'll start about the first of October."

"You'll be making an end of your conquests soon, Ethel," I said, feeling as if I'd been shaken in a train collision. I laughed nervously. "Perhaps you'll be marrying Grady!"

"Perhaps!" She actually smiled. At that moment I could have fought Grady at ten paces or less. "You see a girl can't always catch a matrimonial fish. Why, it won't be long before I lose enough of my limited attractiveness to be down in your class of homely girls—the only sort you could ever love!"

I had told her of my distaste for, and distrust of, pretty girls.

"Did I say that?" I asked guardedly. "I am sure you did," she announced positively. Confound it! I could not contradict her!

"But you have many years of attractiveness before you," I admitted, feeling forced into a compliment justified by facts.

"As if I wanted them!" she cried scornfully. "Why, I would give the world to have it disregarded, to be seen as myself, and to have others care for me, if they cared at all, for what I am!"

Really, I had not supposed Ethel capable of such a sentiment. I began to look at her in a new light. Was it possible? But there I stopped. Of course it wasn't!

I can never tell just how it happened. I know we were sitting nearer to each other than the limitations of the willow seat.

"And, Robert, we're still friends, aren't we?" I remember hearing her say, as one remembers things which occur in a dream.

"Yes," awkwardly—"and I promised not to fall in love with you!"

Was my arm about her waist? "But I—I didn't make any promise!"

Her saying that, I remember very, very distinctly, for it was superlatively sweet to my ears.

"Do you absolve me from my promise?" I asked.

There was no answer in words, but I knew that I was absolved. I no longer feared the result of the western trip, and when I met Hartley Grady next day I shook hands with him so enthusiastically that he seemed surprised.

In spite of her being a pretty girl, I love Ethel dearly.

QUEER PUZZLE IN NUMBERS.

One Combination That Can Be Multiplied with But Little Trouble.

Persons who like to puzzle their noddles over queer combinations of figures will find many things to interest them in the number 142,857. If you multiply it by two or three or four or five or by six each answer will contain the same digits merely transposed, says the Brooklyn Eagle. To multiply it by two simply transposes the first two figures to the last two places, thus: 285,714, while to multiply it by three you transpose only the first figure to the last place, thus, 428,571.

To multiply it by four you transpose the last two figures to the first two places, thus, 571,428, while to multiply it by five you transpose only the last figure to the first place, thus, 714,285. To multiply it by six you merely "shift the cut," that is to say, you transpose the two sets of triplets, placing the first three figures in the last three places, thus, 857,142. If you multiply it by seven you get something entirely new, the answer containing not one of the figures in the original number. Indeed, it will contain only one digit. Try it and see how near to 1,000,000 you can make it come.

If you wish to continue the exercise you can multiply the original 142,857 by eight merely by deducting one from the final seven and placing it before the initial one, the result being 1,142,856. And if you don't mind a little far-fetching you can multiply it by nine by nipping the four out of the second place, changing it to one and three (which make four), and placing them at the end, thus, 1,285,713.

Another little trick you can play with this original number is to add all its component digits together and make 27, thus one plus four plus two plus eight plus five plus seven equals 27. The two and the seven of this sum added together equal nine, the middle and add the two halves together and each column foots nine, thus, 142 plus 857 equals 999. Then, if you feel inclined, you can add those three nines together and get your 27 again, which is the sum of all the digits in each of the products of all the multiplications you have made, excepting the one, which is 999,999.

THE THRIFTY YANKEE MIND.

An Illustrative Instance of Its Alacrity in Grasping an Advantage.

E. J. Phelps, former United States minister to England, was building a new stable on his home place at Burlington, Vt. He wanted to put it on the line of his property, and in doing so tore down part of a stone wall which marked the boundary and which stood half on his land and half on the land adjoining, relates the New York Sun.

The workmen, instead of otherwise disposing of the stone, as they had been ordered to do, threw it over the line, and Mr. Phelps feared trouble with his neighbor, who was a close-fisted person, of a temper none too sweet and very jealous of his rights. As Mr. Phelps was observing the progress of the work on his stable one day he saw his neighbor looking rather cross at him, as he thought, and went over to him prepared to make his peace as best he might, having it in mind to say that he would haul away the stone at his own cost, which would have been an expensive undertaking. He did not propose that at once, however. He went at it another way. "Good morning, neighbor," said he. "I have been meaning to speak to you about that stone for some time. I suppose it isn't worth anything?"

The suggestion of possible value had its immediate effect on the thrifty Yankee mind, as, perhaps, the diplomat had thought it might.

"Waal yaas, Mr. Phelps, I sh'ld think that thar ston might be wuth quite a good deal for building pup poses."

"I'm glad to know that," said Phelps, "but I can't use it as well as you can. You are entirely welcome to my half of it."

So the result of that interview was peace, and not war.

John Lawson's Money.

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I married Leland Lawson for his money. He had quantities of it, and brought up as I had been to look forward to a wealthy marriage as the only fitting culmination to my social career, I had unhesitatingly accepted him when he asked me to be his wife. But I would make no false pretensions of love to gloss over the barter of my body and soul to the god of mammon, and so told Leland plainly.

When our engagement was announced I was criticised freely. A Van Cortland with some of the bluest blood in the land flowing through my veins to marry a son of John Lawson, who openly declared he had worked as a common miner before he had struck the vein in the silver mine out of which had come the stacked up millions. However, I was perfectly indifferent to the opinion of society in general. I knew it too well to have a very high estimation of the value of its censure. When the millions were mine I could soon alter all that.

Our wedding was an imposing spectacle; very touching and impressive to onlookers undoubtedly, but I felt as if I was the principal performer in an up-to-date farce. It was only after the ceremony was over and we had driven away amid a shower of confetti that, looking over at the commonplace man sitting beside me I wondered what my future life would be.

We went over to the Mediterranean for our honeymoon, going first to Algiers and gradually working our way back to Paris. How I did love those first few months!

A wonderful Frenchy, frilly maid was the first use I made of my newly acquired wealth, and only a woman who has had to go out without the aid of one of these wonderful creatures can realize what a joy she was to me. Then Leland was the best of traveling companions. It really was astonishing the amount of general knowledge he possessed; he was continually surprising me as the day when we arrived in Rome and I heard him talking Italian to the hotel porter. I had always thought him absolutely devoid of that education which comprises a knowledge of tongues.

In wondrously beautiful Venice while gliding along the still, dark canals, or out in the broader moonlit waters, I almost fell in love with Leland. If he had been tall and dark I certainly would have succumbed to the foolish passion, but he was just my own height, five-foot-seven, and nondescript, so I dismissed the idea as absurd. But I could not endure his absolute indifference. He was always most considerate and never failed in any of the small attentions I had been accustomed to receive from men of my own class, but he showed not the slightest appreciation of my beauty.

I became terribly lonesome; money was not quite everything. What was the use of spending my days in Paris buying gorgeous frocks and marvelous hats when there was no one to care how I looked. By the time we had been a month in Paris I was desperate. Why had I married Leland? I fancied he actually disliked me, and I did not wonder. What must a man think of a woman who frankly confesses she is marrying him for money? If he had been older, it might have been easier, but we were both young and I knew he had loved me once. Why had I ever been such a fool as to let him know I cared so much for those wretched millions? Of course he would never believe now that I loved him. I used to lie awake at nights wishing that odious money could be lost or stolen so that I could prove my devotion, for there was no doubt about the fact that I passionately adored my own husband. At length one day as we were motoring along the smooth roads outside Paris an idea came to me, and I gave a little gasp of delight. It was all so beautifully simple. A letter to Leland's father explaining everything and asking for the help which I knew the shrewd, kindly old man would never refuse to give. I wrote as soon as we got back to our hotel. A lengthy letter, saying exactly what I wanted and why I needed it.

We went on a motor tour through the chateau district, and daily I fancied Leland regretted more and more his hasty marriage, and I felt more in love than ever with the quiet, thoughtful man whom I was hourly discovering so vastly different from the commonplace, nondescript being I had imagined I was marrying.

My answer came at last, suddenly and unexpectedly, as things eagerly waited for generally do. We were dining in our private dining room when a bellboy entered with a cablegram. Leland took it from him and opened it carelessly. As he read the typewritten message a queer, puzzled look came into his dark grey eyes. He said nothing, but handed the pink slip across to me. I read it slowly and thoughtfully. It was brief and to the point:

"Heavy losses B. and S. failed. Come home immediately. J. Lawson."

I turned pale, whiter than the lace frock I was wearing. Would he believe it? I hardly dared raise my face to his, for this was the message I had implored Leland's father to send. At length I looked up to meet my husband's eyes fixed on me with a pitying expression.

"Poor little girl," he said gently. "I'm afraid this will be a pretty hard blow to you. I know you only cared for the money when you married me, and if the B. and S. has failed, there won't be very much of it left. It looks rather serious when the Pater wants me home."

I did not know quite what to say. The right words now meant my life's happiness, and I am not ashamed to

say I prayed a tiny prayer that I might speak them.

"Leland," at length I faltered. "Do you still think I care only for the money?"

I waited for a moment breathless, expecting his answer, but as he sat silently looking at the pink slip with a bewildering expression, I continued slowly: "Leland, look at me. I am glad, glad if the B. and S. has failed, and only wish you had not a cent left so that I could make you believe I care for you more than anything on earth."

Slowly those calm grey eyes were raised to my imploring blue ones, and my husband spoke quietly:

"Do you really mean that, Una?" And his voice was almost stern as he said it. "I don't want pity. Do you love me as other women love the men they marry?"

His voice trembled with repressed feeling, and I knew then that Leland loved me, and my heart sang for very joy. I could not speak. No words would come, but he seemed to understand, for abruptly pushing back his chair, he strode over to my side of the table. Unconsciously I rose from my seat, and before I knew how it had happened my husband's arms were round me, and he was whispering those things which every woman hopes to hear at least once in her life.

It was not till we were driving out to the Bois in the still luminous spring night that I found courage to make my confession. "Leland," I said softly, putting my hand on his arm, "will you forgive me, dear, for the deception I practiced on you? That cable was a fraud. The money is all right, for I wrote and asked your father to send that message to help me to show you that I did care for you."

Leland made an inarticulate noise, it sounded like a smothered laugh, and I continued hastily: "You will forgive me, won't you, and believe that I truly do wish that all those millions were at the bottom of the sea?"

There was a moment's silence. Every nerve in my entire body seemed to tremble in an agony of expectation, and then upon the still air burst peal after peal of joyous laughter. Hurt and amazed, I took my hand from its resting place and endeavored to draw back into the farthest corner of the Victoria, but a strong arm held me fast, and my husband's voice said tenderly, "Good Heavens, Una, you don't think I am laughing at you, surely? I was picturing the Pater's face when he receives our letters begging him to cable that his treasured money was lost, for I too thought of that bright idea to try and discover whether you did not care just a little."

RIDING ON THE BELLS.

Spanish Children Have Great Sport in the Cathedral Towers on Fete Days.

On certain fete days the youngsters of Seville, Spain, enjoy themselves in the clock towers of the cathedral, for on such occasions a curious custom permits them to ring the bells, and they do so after their own fashion, in an ingenious and original way.

While the regular bell-ringers repose, these Spanish lads climb up on the bells, throw them forward with all their strength, and ride upon the great masses of metal in their furious swinging to and fro.

Imagine what an uproar is produced when all the bells of a cathedral are being banged about in this manner. Any young man who is able may exercise his skill, and the duration of the ringing depends upon the endurance of the ringers.

The spectacle is very strange of the great bells swinging with one, two or more bold young ringers hanging from them in any attitude which seems to them best adapted to pushing them the farthest and beating out the most noise.

In the Giralda at Seville (says a writer) the first time I witnessed this, the clangor was frightful. When I looked up I thought at first, with a thrill of terror, that some unfortunate was entangled in the bell rope, but I soon found it was a matter of sport.

Another ringer appeared suspended in the air, holding the bell by the ears or the rim, or the wooden framework, and following the swinging rush in all its movements, sometimes feet, sometimes head downward!

Such are the daring young bell-ringers of Seville.

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

Constable Who Is Bound to Bag Motorist Finds a Suitable Pretext.

The motor trap was nicely set, the official stop-watch in perfect order, and the constable alert and ready, as Car No. Y Z entered the measured quarter of a mile, and rushed headlong to a stiff fine and costs.

Half the fatal distance had been covered, when a perspiring cyclist shouted a warning, and the car slowed down with a jerk until it hardly seemed to move at all. And as it crawled fitfully to the end of the measured quarter the grin on the face of the driver was good to see.

Then out stepped the representative of the law.

"Well, constable, what is it?" said the man at the wheel, beaming at the universe generally.

"I shall have to summon you, sir," said the constable, sternly.

"Summon me? You're joking! You can't summon me for traveling at the rate of five furlongs an hour. Why, there's half a dozen cars behind me whose drivers are fuming because I've been blocking the way."

"Yes, that's it, sir; I must summon you for obstruction!"